

No. 73

**BOY COMMANDOS**  
**ALL THIS AND BATMAN TOO!**



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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
*THE BOY WONDER*

WHAT DO MEN FEAR MOST? THINGS THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND --- CUNNING TRICKS THAT SEEMINGLY DO NOT "MAKE SENSE" AND SO CANNOT BE WARDED OFF BY ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE! AND IN ALL THE WORLD NONE KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN THE SCARECROW, RENEGADE COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND AUTHORITY ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TERROR!

ONCE AGAIN, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN MATCH WITS AND MUSCLES WITH THIS NIGHTMARE FIGURE OF BURGLAR AND STRAW WHOM PRISON COULD NOT HOLD! FOLLOWING DECEPTIVELY CHILDISH CLUES, THEY FLASH ALONG PATHS OF PERIL TO BALK THE SCHEMES OF A WARPED GENIUS AS ---  
**"THE SCARECROW RETURNS."**



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS  
FOR VICTORY



PROFESSOR JONATHAN CRANE, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUSLY BRILLIANT MEN OF OUR TIME, SCRAWLS A WORD AS SIMPLE AS 'ABC' ON A SCHOOL-BOY'S SLATE ...

H-A-T! PROBABLY NO ONE HAS EVER YET FEARED THAT THREE-LETTER NOUN! BUT THE SCARECROW WILL TEACH MEN TO CRINGE IN TERROR WHEN THEY READ JUST SUCH TINY WORDS AS THIS!

HAT

AT THAT, THERE IS SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HATS--CERTAIN KINDS OF HATS--IN THE OPINION OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY...

BUT, LINDA, YOU KNOW I THINK MOST WOMEN'S HATS ARE TERRIBLE!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M BRINGING YOU TO THIS HAT SHOW! YOU'VE MADE SO MUCH FUN OF MINE. I'M GOING TO LET YOU DO THE PICKING FOR A CHANGE!

MME. Chapeau HATS

ON SHOW TODAY HATS OF YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

HATS OF YESTERDAY

I WONDER IF THE NEW STYLES CAN POSSIBLY BE CRAZIER THAN WHAT THEY'RE ALREADY WEARING?

IF YOU THINK HATS OF TODAY ARE FREAKISH, LOOK AT THOSE ANTIQUES FROM THE MUSEUM!

WHAM-- REAL PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES! THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!

AT THE PRICES MME. CHAPEAU IS ASKING, HERB OUGHT TO BE STUDDED WITH JEWELS!

AH-- THE INDUSTRIAL MOTIF!

AREN'T THEY QUAINT?

THAT'S ONE WORD FOR IT!

SEE HOW THE WAR HAS INFLUENCED WOMEN'S STYLES?

NO WONDER THEY SAY CIVILIZATION IS IN DANGER!

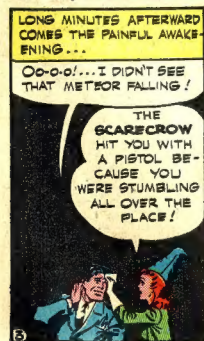
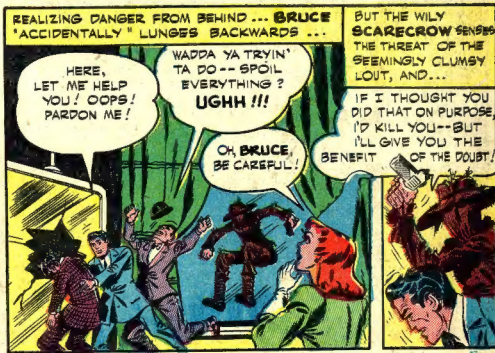
SUDDENLY, A GRIM, TATTERED FIGURE STEPS UPON THE STAGE...

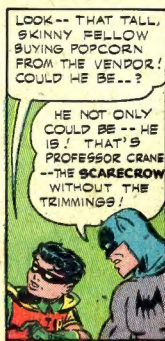
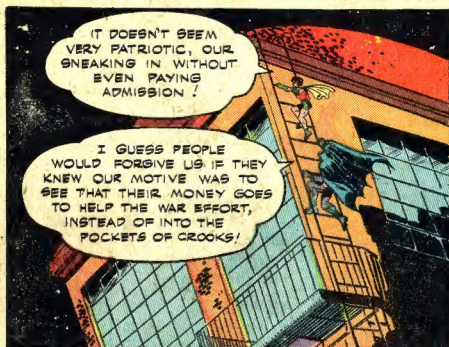
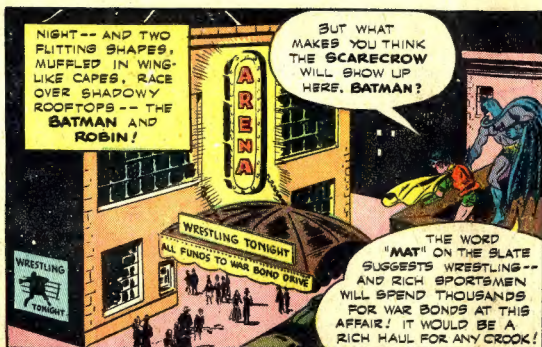
STYLES-- BAH! YOU WOMEN ARE FOOLS!

ISN'T HE AWFUL!

WHA--! I'LL SAY HE IS! HE'S THE SCARECROW--ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOKS ON EARTH! HE ESCAPED FROM PRISON WHERE I--UH--THE BATMAN SENT HIM!









MEANWHILE, LOYAL CITIZENS  
ARE INVESTING HEAVILY IN  
THEIR NATION'S FUTURE...

WHO ELSE,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ?  
WHO WANTS TO BUY  
BULLETS AND BONDS  
FOR SPECIAL DELIVERY  
TO THE JAPANAZIS ?

GIVE ME  
TEN  
'THOUSAND  
DOLLARS'  
WORTH!

I'M GIVING  
A WEEK'S  
PAY!

AS THE BOND SALE CLOSES, THE GONG  
RINGS FOR THE START OF THE FIRST BOUT...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ---  
WE BRING YOU NOW A MATCH  
BETWEEN **CRUSHER CONGER**  
AND **SAMSON SAXE**, SKILLED  
WARRIORS OF THE MAT!

'ALL RIGHT!  
GIRLS -- I'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THE CASH!

WE DID  
EXCEPTIONALLY  
WELL, MR. GILBERT.

AND ON THEIR WAY TO THE RING, THE  
SUPPOSED WRESTLERS TRANSACT  
STRANGE BUSINESS WITH THE POPCORN  
VENDOR!

SH-H-H!  
NOT SO LOUD,  
**CRUSHER!**

POPCORN  
AN' POPGUNS,  
HUH ?  
HAW, HAW,  
HAW!

MAKE  
IT  
SNAPPY!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

BOTH BOYS  
ARE  
WRESTLING  
WITHOUT PAY--  
AA-A-A-A...

DAT'S WHAT  
YOU T'INK!

DON'T NO-  
BODY MOVE,  
OR DA JOINT'LL  
BE LITTERED  
WIT' CORPSES!

UNDER COVER OF THE EXCITEMENT,  
**PROFESSOR CRANE** WHIPS AN  
ODD MASK AND A BATTERED,  
FAMILIAR HAT FROM BENEATH  
HIS COAT AND DONGS THEM  
FURTIVELY...

A HOLDUP! THEY'RE AFTER  
THE WAR BOND MONEY!

THE RATS! THEY'D  
KILL INNOCENT  
PEOPLE TO GET IT!

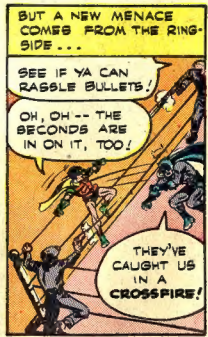
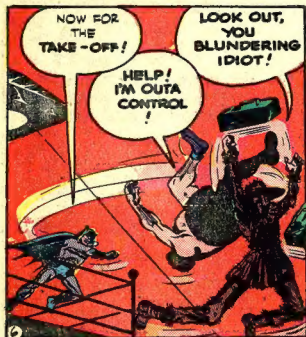
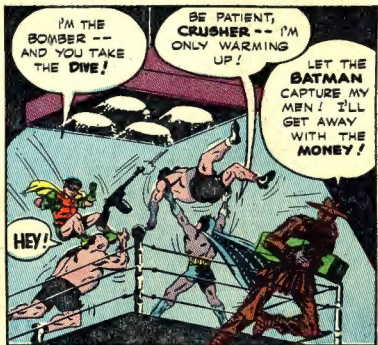
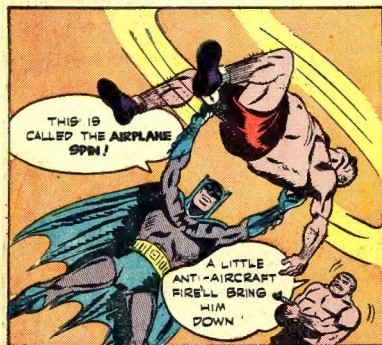
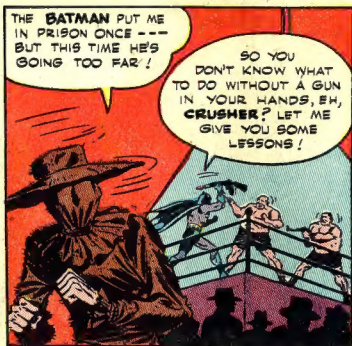
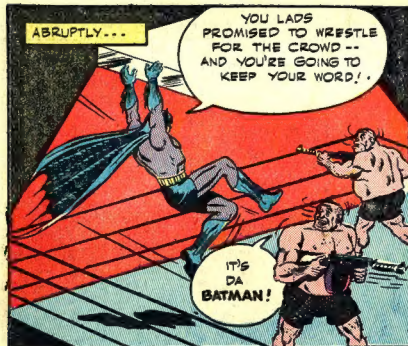
I'LL TAKE THAT  
MONEY OFF YOUR  
HANDS!

THE **SCARECROW!**  
YOU CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH  
ROBBING **UNCLE  
SAM!**

INTENT ON THE THREATENING  
GUNS, NONE SEES TWO  
OMINOUS FIGURES CROSS  
THE GIRDERS HIGH OVER-  
HEAD... **BATMAN** DIVES  
RECKLESSLY FOR THE  
FLOODLIGHT CABLE...

ALL THESE PEOPLE  
PAID PLENTY TO  
SEE ACTION--

-- AND THEY'RE  
GOING TO GET THEIR  
MONEY'S WORTH!





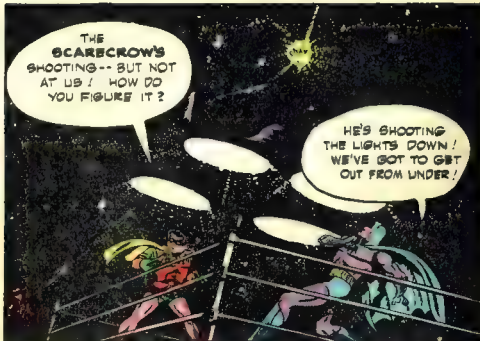
THE RESOURCEFUL  
**SCARECROW**  
FINDS A WEAPON  
TO HIS LIKING...

THEIR  
AERIAL ATTACK  
WILL SEEM CRUDE  
BESIDE THE COUNTER-  
ATTACK I AM  
ABOUT TO  
MAKE!



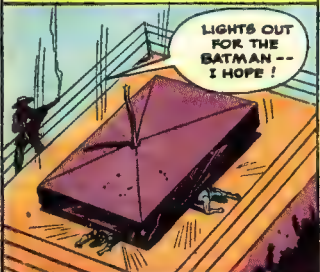
THE  
**SCARECROW'S**  
SHOOTING-- BUT NOT  
AT US! HOW DO  
YOU FIGURE IT?

HE'S SHOOTING  
THE LIGHTS DOWN!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT FROM UNDER!



BUT BEFORE THE DYNAMIC DUO CAN  
MOVE, STEEL-JACKETED SLUGS SEVER  
THE CHAIN SUPPORTING THE BATTERY OF  
FLOODLAMPS -- AND...

LIGHTS OUT  
FOR THE  
BATMAN --  
I HOPE!



BUT KNOCKING  
HIM OUT ISN'T  
ENOUGH! I'LL  
HAVE TO KILL  
HIM BEFORE  
I CAN MAKE  
A SUCCESS OF  
MY CAMPAIGN  
OF TERROR!  
HMMM... HOW  
CAN I TRAP  
HIM?



AS POLICE RESERVES CHARGE THROUGH  
THE EXCITED CROWD, THE **SCARECROW**  
FLEES WITH QUEER GRASSHOPPER LEAPS...

TOO BAD I HAVE  
TO LEAVE THE MONEY --  
BUT ONCE I GET RID OF  
THE **BATMAN**, THERE'LL  
BE PLENTY MORE FOR  
THE TAKING!



FRIENDLY HANDS LIFT THE MASS OF BROKEN GLASS  
AND TWISTED METAL FROM THE STILL FORMS OF  
THE FAMOUS HEROES...

THEY KEPT THE  
CROOKS FROM GETTING  
THE MONEY -- BUT IT  
WON'T BE WORTH IT IF  
THEY'RE DEAD!

IF THEY  
ARE, THERE'LL BE  
A BIG CELEBRATION  
IN THE UNDER-  
WORLD TONIGHT!

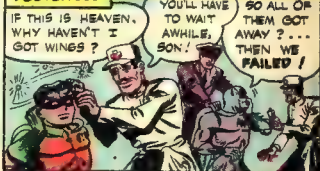


AND UNDER THE MINISTRATIONS OF A  
DOCTOR...

IF THIS IS HEAVEN,  
WHY HAVEN'T I  
GOT WINGS?

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT  
AWHILE,  
SON!

SO ALL OF  
THEM GOT  
AWAY?...  
THEN WE  
FAILED!



**FAILED, NOTHING!** BESIDES SAVING THE CASH, YOU TREATED THIS CROWD TO THE BEST FIGHT THEY'VE EVER SEEN! IS ANYTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT?

THE **SCARECROW** IS MORE IMPORTANT! UNLESS HE'S PUT AWAY FOR GOOD. HE'LL TERRORIZE THE WHOLE CITY!

I FOUND THIS SLATE WITH SOME SILLY STUFF ON IT BY THE RINGSIDE!



"**HAT**--"**MAT**-- AND NEXT IS "**VAT**"... THAT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH ONE TO FIGURE OUT!

MAYBE THIS CARD STUCK IN THE FRAME OF THE SLATE WILL THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!



JUST AN AD-VERTISEMENT FOR THE **VORTEX CLEANERS & DYERS** AT 13 HOOKE STREET-- AND AN OLD ONE, AT THAT!

DOESN'T MEAN A THING! PROBABLY SOME CARD THAT WAS KICKING AROUND AND GOT CAUGHT ACCIDENTALLY!



BUT THE SUBTLEST CLUE IS ENOUGH FOR THE **BATMAN**, ACE CRIMINOLOGIST--AND PRESENTLY...

DYERS USE **VATS**.... IT'S SO PLAIN, THE **SCARECROW** MIGHT HAVE INTENDED IT AS A TRAP-- BUT I'D HATE TO PASS UP THE CHANCE OF TANGLING WITH HIM AGAIN!

THAT HIGH WINDOW BY THE DRAINPIPE .... EVEN IF THEY'RE EXPECTING US, THEY WOULDN'T THINK WE'D PICK THAT AS AN ENTRANCE!



THERE THEY ARE-- WATCHING THE DOOR WITH GUNS READY!

LET'S NOT KEEP THEM IN SUSPENSE!



WITHIN THE GLOOMY STRUCTURE...

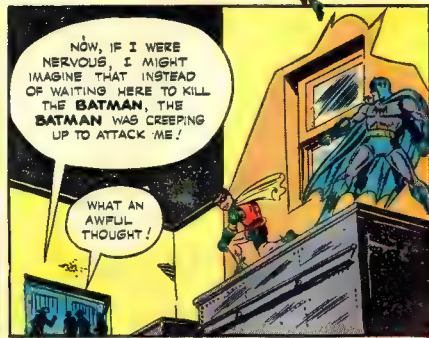
CHEE, **SCARECROW**-- DIS JOINT GIVES ME PA CREEPS! I FEEL LIKE SOMEONE WAS SNEAKIN' UP ON ME!

A COMMON PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON WHEN ONE HAS REASON TO BE FRIGHTENED OF ANYONE **MUGGSY!**

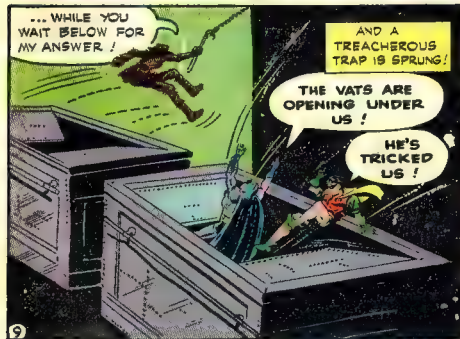
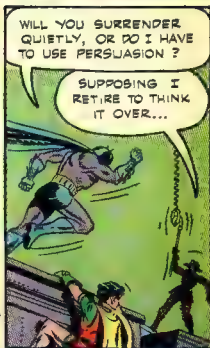


NOW, IF I WERE NERVOUS, I MIGHT IMAGINE THAT INSTEAD OF WAITING HERE TO KILL THE **BATMAN**, THE **BATMAN** WAS CREEPING UP TO ATTACK ME!

WHAT AN AWFUL THOUGHT!







SO, BATMAN-- AT LAST YOU'VE MET A MAN TOO SMART FOR YOU! ALL GOTHAM CITY WILL FEAR THE **SCARECROW** WHEN YOUR BODIES ARE FOUND!

YOU RAT!

YOU SEE I WAS AFTER BAT --- MEANING YOU---ALL ALONG! THE **VAT** WAS ONLY TO GET YOU HERE -- WITH THE **BRAT**! AND AS FOR CALLING ME A **RAT**-- YOU'RE GOING TO DROWN LIKE ONE! HA, HA, HA!

SWIFTLY, STEADILY, RELENTLESSLY, THE WATER RISES ABOUT THE TRAPPED PAIR, TUGGING VAINLY AT THEIR BONDS...

THEY'VE GONE AND WE'RE GOING FAST-- AND I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT CROOKEDNESS THE **SCARECROW** HAS LABELED "YAT."

NOT A CHANCE OF BREAKING THESE ROPES, AND NO WAY OF SHUTTING OFF THE WATER--AND YELLING WOULD ONLY BE A WASTE OF BREATH!

IT'S AN UGLY WAY TO WIND THINGS UP, **BATMAN** --- BUT AT LEAST, I'M CHECKING OUT IN GOOD COMPANY!

DON'T GIVE UP YET, **ROBIN**... SEE THAT STICK WITH THE POINTED HOOK THE **SCARECROW** DROPPED? IT'S FLOATING!

FLOATING, YES -- BUT NOT OUR WAY!

MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE THAT BY CREATING A CURRENT!

THE **BATMAN**'S THRASHING FEET SET UP A SLOW CIRCULAR MOTION IN THE WATER -- AND AFTER AGONIZING SECONDS OF DOUBT...

GOT IT! BUT IF IT HAD BEEN HALF AN INCH FARTHER AWAY WE'D HAVE BEEN SUNK -- AND I MEAN SUNK!

WE WILL BE ANYWAY, IF YOU DON'T HURRY!

WRISTS STRAINING CLUMBSILY, THE **BATMAN** FUMBLES WITH THE HOOK FOR WATER-SOAKED KNOTS HE CANNOT SEE...

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST AWKWARD JOBS I EVER TAGKLED!

ANOTHER INCH OR TWO AND OUR AIR WILL BE CUT OFF!

WILL THE DAREDEVIL DUO ESCAPE IN TIME OR WILL THE DIABOLIC PLOT OF THE SCHEMING **SCARECROW** WRITE "FINIS" TO THEIR DRAMATIC CAREER OF CRIME-FIGHTING?...



MEANWHILE, A WEIRD CREATURE  
STALKS THE TWISTED STREETS OF  
CHINATOWN...

C'MON, MEN...  
THERE'S THE PLACE  
ACROSS THE  
STREET!

DIS CHINESE ART  
IS OUTA MY LINE -- BUT  
IF IT'S WORTH ALL DA DOUGH  
DEY SAY IT IS, I'M FOR IT!

PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS, FU  
MANCHU -- IT'S  
A STICKUP!

90-- ROBBERS!  
IT IS WRITTEN,  
"BETTER GO  
VALIANTLY TO  
YOUR ANCESTORS  
THAN BE LEFT  
EMPTY-HANDED  
BY THIEVES..."

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN  
ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY  
TO SAVE YOUR TREASURES,  
MY FRIEND!

DAT'S  
TELLIN' HIM,  
**SCARECROW!**

THESE ITEMS WILL ALL BRING  
TREMENDOUS PRICES FROM CERTAIN  
UNSCRUPULOUS COLLECTORS!

IMAGINE  
PAYIN' HEAVY  
DOUGH FOR  
JUNK DAT  
AIN'T NO  
GOOD, EXCEPT  
TA LOOK AT!

AS I LIVE AND  
BREATHE -- A  
**CHINESE  
SCARECROW**  
CARVED IN  
JADE! I MUST  
HAVE IT FOR  
MY OWN  
COLLECTION! IT  
IS A GOOD  
OMEN!

AN OMEN, PERHAPS -- BUT THE **SCARECROW**  
MIGHT NOT THINK IT A GOOD ONE IF HE COULD  
SEE THE FAMILIAR PAIR EVEN NOW APPROACHING  
THE JADE SHOP!

WE'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE  
WHETHER IT'S THE RIGHT PLACE... THIS WAS THE  
ONLY "YAT" IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK THAT LOOKED  
PROSPEROUS ENOUGH FOR THE  
**SCARECROW!**

AS LONG AS  
THERE AREN'T ANY  
**YATS** AROUND, I'LL  
BE SATISFIED!

THESE THEY ARE!

AND HERE  
WE GO  
AGAIN!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS!  
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
ARE DEAD--AND THERE  
ARE NO SUCH THINGS  
AS GHOSTS!

SEE-SEE!  
MY IMAGINATION  
AGAIN!

WE'VE HAD OUR  
BATH-- NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO GET  
CLEANED UP!



HOW'S YOUR  
FINANCIAL  
RATING?

LOOK-- HE  
DOESN'T EVEN  
REGISTER AS  
SMALL CHANGE!



HERE'S WHERE  
I USE A GAT ON  
A GRAT!

YOU  
THINK SO,  
EH?



NOT IF I USE  
A VASE ON  
YOUR FACE  
FIRST!

CRASH!

MFFF!  
LOHPPT!



HAVE A  
SLUG,  
LUG!

IF YOU  
INSIST ON DOING  
YOUR FIGHTING  
IN RHYME--



--LET ME CONTRIBUTE  
A LUMP FOR A  
CHUMP!



I'LL CAVE YOUR FACE IN!

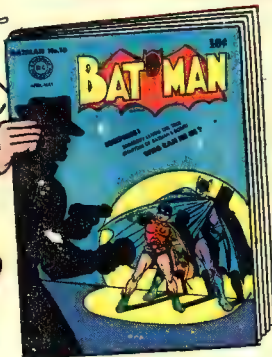
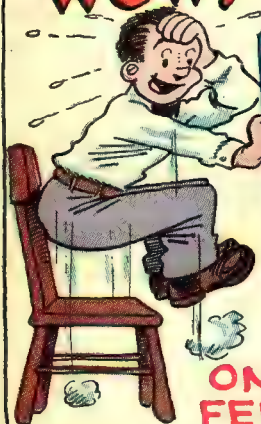
TUT, TUT! A  
FACE LIKE MINE  
DOESN'T NEED  
IMPROVING!





# WOW!

IT'LL LIFT YOU RIGHT  
OUT OF YOUR CHAIR!



THIS IS IT...  
ANOTHER  
BIG ISSUE  
STARRING  
**BATMAN**  
AND **ROBIN**  
IN **FOUR**  
TYPICAL  
**BATMAN**  
STORIES  
---WHICH  
YOU **KNOW**  
MEANS THE  
**BEST STORIES**  
IN THE  
**COMICS!**

**ON SALE  
FEB. 10TH!**



# BOMBSHELL!

THE SENSATIONAL YOUNG  
HEROES OF THE YEAR'S  
MOST SENSATIONAL NEW  
COMIC STRIP NOW HAVE A  
MAGAZINE OF THEIR OWN!

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THIS  
**SLAM-BANG** FAST-ACTION  
MAGAZINE SOLD OUT!  
READERS ARE STILL  
RAVING ABOUT IT... SO  
DON'T MISS THIS

**2<sup>ND</sup> BIG ISSUE**

**ON SALE FEB. 5TH**





# The BOY COMMANDOS

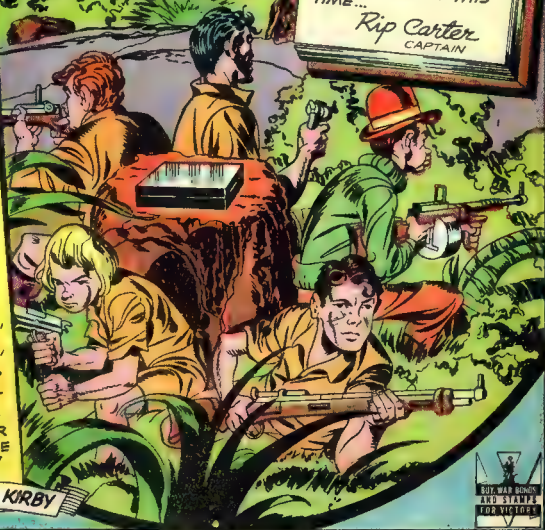
in "THE SAGA OF THE LITTLE TIN BOX"

HEADLINES TELL OF THE GREAT EVENTS OF THE WAR... OF THE THOUSAND-PLANE RAIDS... THE DEATH-STRUGGLES OF ARMORED COLUMNS... THE SIEGE OF NATIONAL CAPITALS... BUT THE CHERISHED MEMORIES OF THE MEN WHO FIGHT WARS ARE OF THE LITTLE, INTIMATE THINGS... OF THE HAUNTING MELODY OF A PEASANT SONG IN A FAR-OFF LAND... OF A COMRADE'S FAREWELL... OF FAMILIAR, HOMELY OBJECTS, LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE LITTLE TIN BOX! WHAT WAS IT THAT MADE THE BATTERED TIN BOX A SHINING SYMBOL, MORE IMPORTANT THAN HARDSHIPS, STARVATION, EVEN THE THREAT OF DEATH ITSELF TO RIP CARTER'S DAREDEVIL GANG, THE BOY COMMANDOS? YOU'D BETTER READ ON FOR THE ANSWER... BECAUSE YOU'D NEVER GUESS!

## ORDER OF THE DAY

MEMBERS OF COMMANDO UNITS MAY VOLUNTEER FOR SPECIAL SCOUTING AND RAIDING PARTY BEHIND ENEMY LINES IN AFRICA... ALL WHO MAY CONSIDER DOING SO HOWEVER, ARE HEREBY WARNED THAT THIS TYPE OF WAR IS PARTICULARLY HAZARDOUS AT THIS TIME...

*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN

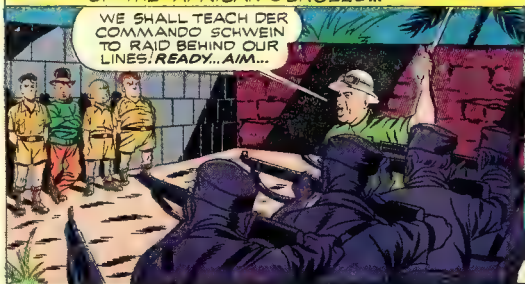


by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY



FROM TIME TO TIME,  
WE TRY TO BRING YOU  
A STORY BASED ON  
AN ACTUAL  
HAPPENING...WHAT  
IS CALLED A **HUMAN  
INTERSTARYN** BY  
NEWSPAPER EDITORS...  
**THIS** IS SUCH A  
STORY...AND IF THE  
**BOY COMMANDOS**  
WEREN'T MENTIONED IN  
THE NEWS DISPATCHES...  
WHY, THAT'S ALL THE  
MORE REASON FOR  
BRINGING THEM ON THE  
SCENE HERE AND NOW!

IT BEGAN WHERE MANY HEROIC STORIES HAVE ENDED---  
AGAINST A STONE WALL IN A NAZI-OCCUPIED PART  
OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLES...



WE SHALL TEACH DER  
COMMANDO SCHWEIN  
TO RAID BEHIND OUR  
LINES! READY...AIM...

**SUDDENLY, A SHRILL  
COMMAND RINGS OUT!**

**ACHTUNG! DER EGZICUTION  
ISS POSTPONED! BRING DER  
PRISONERS HERE AT VUNCE!**

HEIN? JA,  
MEIN  
COMMAND-  
DANT!



HE VILL GET NO  
INFORMATION  
FROM ME...  
HOWEFER MUCH  
HE QUESTIONS  
ME!



**BLIMEE!**  
YE CAN SAY  
THAT H'AGAIN!  
...AN' SIGN  
MY NAME  
TO H'IT, JAN,  
OL' BEAN!

I VISH TO SEE DER PRISONERS  
ALONE! YOU MEN RETURN  
TO YOUR POSTS!

VE GO, HERR  
COLONEL!



**THE NEXT MOMENT...**

**RIP! STRIKE ME PINK!**  
WE SAW YA DROP IN TH'  
FIGHTIN', AN'T'UGHT DA'  
NAZI'S HAD COOLED YA!

JUST A SCRATCH! I  
CAME TO, AND SNEAKED  
IN THE BACK WAY WHILE  
THEY WERE WATCHING  
YOUR...ER...  
EXECUTION!



**HURRY! THERE'S  
A STAFF CAR  
OUTSIDE! WE'LL  
HAVE TO RUN FOR  
IT THROUGH A HAIL  
OF BULLETS!**

**ZAT IS BETTER  
ZAN STANDING  
STILL IN A  
HAIL OF  
BULLETS!**

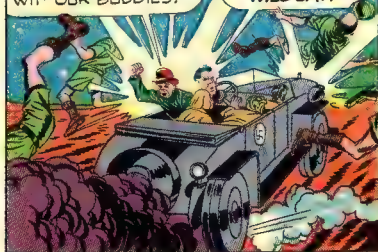




LIKE A PROJECTILE FROM A BIG GUN...A POWERFUL CAR ROARS THROUGH THE STARTLED GARRISON...

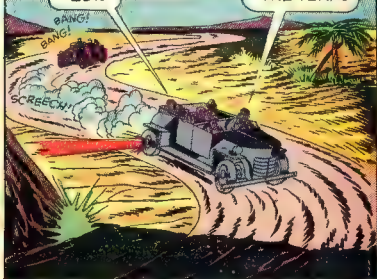
AN! DON'T T'INK WE AIN'T COMIN' BACK WIT' OUR BUDDIES!

GET DOWN, YOU YOUNG WILDCAT!



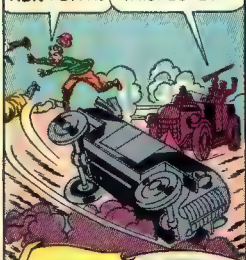
'OLY H'ELEPHANTS!! TH' BLINKIN' BLIGHTERS TORPEDOED US!!

PREPARE TO JUMP...IN CASE WE CAN'T MAKE THE TURN!



ANYWAY, WE GAVE THEM A RUN FOR IT!

HIMMEL! DER TREACHEROUS DOGS HAVE TRICKED US!



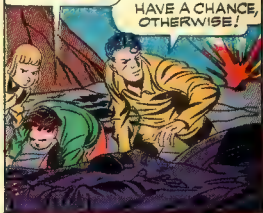
IF I AM LUCKY ENOUGH TO BREAK A LEG, I MAY BE INVALIDED HOME!

FOOL! WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DYING HERE AND STARVING IN BERLIN?



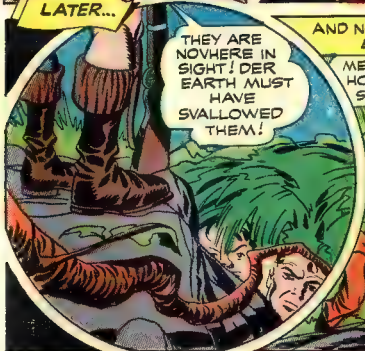
YOU GUYS BEAT IT...ME ANKLE'S SPRAINED...I'LL LAY LOW TILL IT FEELS BETTER AN' THEN CATCH UP WID YA!

WE'RE ALL GOING TO LIE LOW, FELLA! WHEN THEY START HUNTING FOR US WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, OTHERWISE!



LATER...

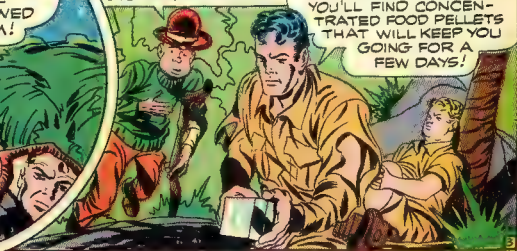
THEY ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT! DER EARTH MUST HAVE SWALLOWED THEM!



AND NOW...WHEN THE FIRST DANGER IS PAST... ENTER THE LITTLE TIN BOX!

ME ANKLE'S STOPPED HOITIN', BUT NOW ME STUMMICK'S STARTIN'!

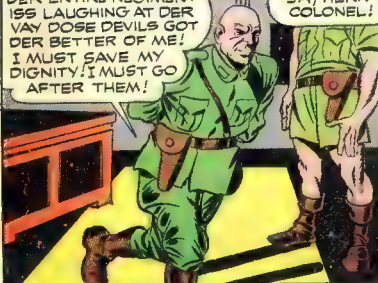
SORRY I HAVE NO ROAST TURKEY... BUT IF YOU PEEL THE TINFOIL OFF THESE, YOU'LL FIND CONCENTRATED FOOD PELLETS THAT WILL KEEP YOU GOING FOR A FEW DAYS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE NAZI FORT...THE FIERCE PRUSSIAN PRIDE OF COLONEL VON KLOPF ACHES LIKE AN ULCERATED TOOTH...

DER ENTIRE REGIMENT ISS LAUGHING AT DER VAY DOSE DEVILS GOT DER BETTER OF ME! I MUST SAVE MY DIGNITY. I MUST GO AFTER THEM!

JA, HERR COLONEL!



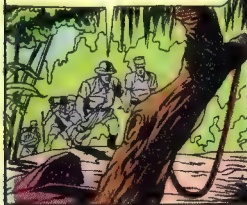
I HUNTED IN THESE JUNGLES BEFORE THE WAR! I VILL TAKE MEN AND TRACK DOWN DER SCHWEIN!

THAT SHOULD BE SOON...THEY ARE WITHOUT FOOD OR WEAPONS...THEY WILL BE EASY PREY FOR A SKILLED HUNTER LIKE YOU!



AND SO, WITH THE FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN, A HAND-PICKED PATROL FINDS THE TRAIL OF THE FUGITIVES...

THE FOOLS HAFF LEFT A TRAIL A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW! THEY MUST BE HALF STARVED BY NOW!

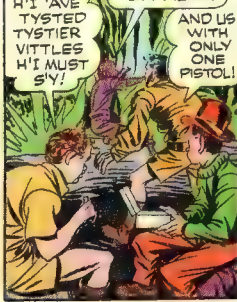


LATER...

H'I 'AVE TYSTED TYSTIER VITTLES H'I MUST S'Y!

LOOK! CHERMAN SOLDIERS!

AND US WITH ONLY ONE PISTOL!



BUT I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BULLETS...AND IF WE CAN THROW A SCARE INTO THEM, WE MAY NOT HAVE TO RUN!

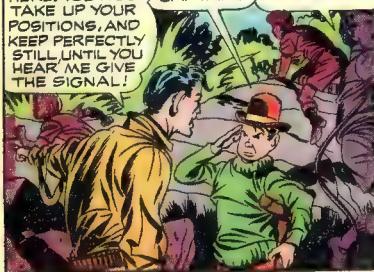
AW, YER NOT RUNNIN' ON ACCOUNT O' ME SPRAINED ANKLE! IF YA'D LEMME TAKE ME OWN CHANCES...



THAT'S ENOUGH, BROOKLYN! I'M IN COMMAND HERE! YOU KIDS TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS, AND KEEP PERFECTLY STILL UNTIL YOU HEAR ME GIVE THE SIGNAL!

OKAY, RIP! I MEAN, YESSIR, CAPTAIN!

ZIS IS STRATEGY AFTER MY OWN HEART!



NOT KNOWING THE FUGITIVES HAVE ALREADY BEEN BROUGHT TO BAY, VON KLOPF'S HUNTERS PLOD CONFIDENTLY AHEAD...

PERHAPS VE CAN SIGHT THEM FROM THE TOP OF DER HILL UND PICK THEM OFF AT OUR LEISURE!





# SUDDENLY .....

ALL RIGHT,  
MEN...MOW  
'EM DOWN!

ACH!  
AN AM-  
BUSH!

VE ARE  
SUR-  
ROUNDED!



IT ISS GOOT THEY DO  
NOT KNOW THIS ISS MORE  
DANGEROUS TO ME  
THAN TO THEM!



TAKE THAT,  
YE BLOOMIN'  
'UNS!!

OOO-OO!  
I AM  
HIT!



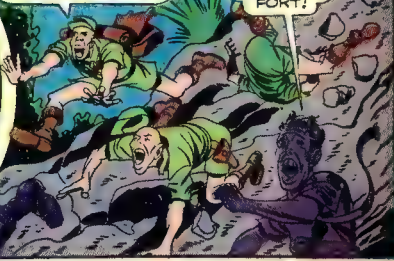
TAKE  
COVER,  
MEN...  
OOOFF!

WOTTA SLIDE! PEEWEE  
REESE, DA DODGER S'  
PRIDE, COULDN' DO  
BETTER!

WHAT BEGAN AS AN ORDERLY WITHDRAWAL  
BECOMES A ROUT!

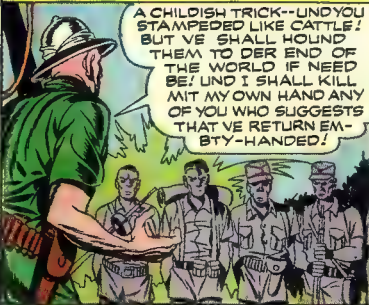
DER COMMANDOS  
ARE COMING!

VE MUST  
VARN DER  
FORT!



BUT THE FINAL RESULT IS TO MAKE THE NAZI  
COLONEL MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER...

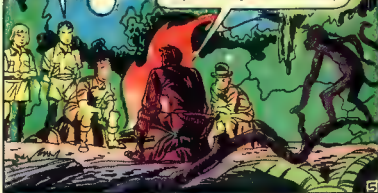
A CHILDISH TRICK--UNDO YOU  
STAMPEDED LIKE CATTLE!  
BUT VE SHALL HOUND  
THEM TO DER END OF  
THE WORLD IF NEED  
BE! UNDO I SHALL KILL  
MIT MY OWN HAND ANY  
OF YOU WHO SUGGESTS  
THAT VE RETURN EM-  
PTY-HANDED!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, RIP CARTER  
IS NOT INCLINED TO OVER-ESTIMATE THE  
COMMANDOS' VICTORY--

ZE BOCHÉ  
WILL PERHAPS  
LEAVE US  
ALONE AFTER  
ZIS, NO?

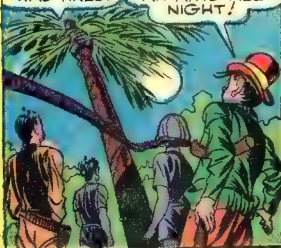
I DOUBT IT, ANDRE... THAT  
COLONEL WAS PLENTY  
SORE WHEN WE CHECKED  
OUT! BESIDES, WE HAVE  
OVER A HUNDRED MILES OF  
JUNGLE BETWEEN US AND  
OUR DESTINATION!



**THIS BEGINS A TENSE DRAMA OF THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED... MOVING ACROSS THE SHADOWED FACE OF AFRICA... A TINY BIT OF WAR... NARROWED DOWN TO A PERSONAL FEUD!**

HERE THEY COME... H'ABOUT TWO MILES BEHIND... MOVIN' SLOW, LIKE THEY WAS TIRED!

WHY SHOULDN' DEY BE TIRED... HIKIN' ALL DAY AN' FIGHTIN' MESKEETERS AN' ANTS ALL NIGHT!



...AND YET IT'S A STRANGE HUNT, IN WHICH THE STALKER IS EVERY BIT AS WARY AS HIS INTENDED PREY---

MEIN COLONEL... WHY DO VE NOT CLOSE MIT DEM UND HAFF IT OVER MIT?

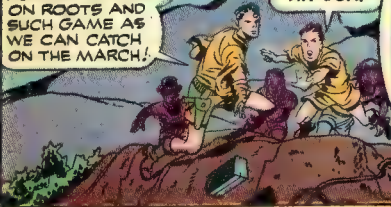
**DUUNDERHEAD!** YOU HAFF US MARCH INTO ANOTHER TRAP? VE MUST VEAR THEM DOWN... MAKE SURE THEY ARE HELPLESS!



ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY, RIP CARTER'S SUPPLY OF CONCENTRATED FOOD GIVES OUT... AND THE SAGA OF THE LITTLE TIN BOX NEARLY ENDS, THEN AND THERE...

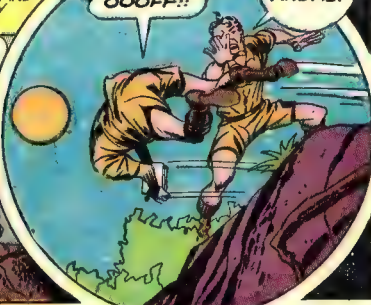
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE FOOD PELLETS! FROM NOW ON WE LIVE ON ROOTS AND SUCH GAME AS WE CAN CATCH ON THE MARCH!

WAIT... MON CAPITAIN-- ZE LEELE TIN BOX!



AHA... I HAVE CATCH IT--- OOOOFF!!

LOOK OUT, ANDRE!



DOWN... DOWN... THE YOUNG CHAMPION OF FREE FRANCE PLUNGES TOWARD WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN DEATH---

OH... H'I CAWN'T LOOK!

THE VINES BELOW YOU, ANDRE... GRAB THEM!



BUT A MOMENT LATER---

WHEW!



OF ALL THE CRAZY STUNTS!

AW, QUIT PICKIN' ON HIM! HE GOT DA BOX, DIDN' HE?

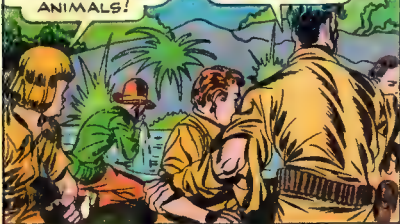




FROM THAT DAY ON, THE MARCH BECOMES A NIGHTMARE FOR THE FUGITIVES---

IF ONLY THE NAZIS WOULD GIVE US TIME TO CATCH FISH OR SET SNARES FOR BIRDS AND ANIMALS!

THEY WON'T, JAN--THEY KNOW WE HAVE NO FOOD, AND THEY'RE WAITING FOR US TO DROP OF STARVATION!



TO MAKE THE BURDEN LIGHTER, ALL EQUIPMENT IS CAST OFF...ALL EXCEPT...THE LITTLE TIN BOX!



OH, WELL... KIDS GET FUNNY IDEAS SOMETIMES! LET THEM HAVE THEIR LITTLE WHIM!

A BROAD, SLUGGISH RIVER MAKES A NAVAL OPERATION NECESSARY...

SWIMMING WOULD BE LESS TROUBLE... BUT THE CROCODILES MIGHT NOT BE SOCIABLE---

I WONDER IF A CROC WOULD TASTE AS GOOD TO ME AS I WOULD TO HIM?



AND BEFORE THE SLOW CROSSING IS FINISHED...

AT LAST! THEY ARE AT OUR MERCY! TAKE CAREFUL AIM!

JA! JA! I'VE VILL FINISH THEM!

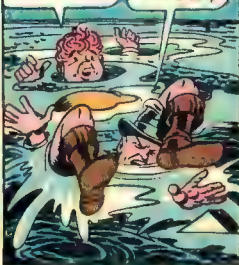


WOW! DIVE FOR YOUR LIVES, BOYS... CROCODILES OR NO CROCODILES!



WOT 'O! 'ERE'S FOR A BAWTH H'I NEED, BUT DON'T WANT!

WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! NOW I DROPPED DA BOX!



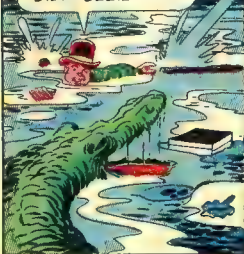
BROOKLYN! THIS WAY!

BE RIGHT WIT' YA, SOON AS I COLLECT ME VALUABLES!

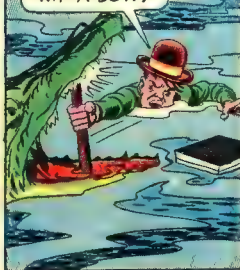


BUT ANOTHER POWERFUL SWIMMER IS ATTRACTED TO THE LITTLE TIN BOX...

GOLLY... AN' WHEN I SEEN EM IN DA MOVIES, I DIDN' BELIEVE IT!



IF I WOULDN' LET DA NAZIS HAVE IT... D'YA T'INK I'M GONNA HAND IT OVER TA YOUSE WIT' A BOW?



HURRY UP, YOU LUNATIC! I'D RECOMMEND YOU FOR A MEDAL IF YOU'D DONE THAT TO SAVE A COMRADE... BUT AS IT IS, I'M GOING TO HAVE YOUR BRAIN EXAMINED!



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! THERE'S NOTHING IN IT EXCEPT WRAPPERS FROM THE FOOD PELLETS... AND THE BOX ITSELF IS AS WORTHLESS AS AN OLD TIN CAN!



IN THE MEANTIME, A MILE AWAY, VON KLÖPF IS HAVING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN---

SO! ALREADY YOU ARE READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT... HEIN?

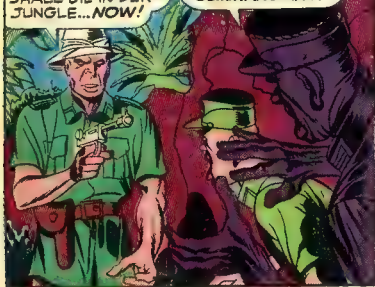
BUT VE HAFF BEEN ON SHORT RATIONS NOW FOR THREE DAYS... UND SOON DERE VILL BE NO MORE!

THOSE COMMANDOS ARE NOT HUMAN! THEY VILL GO ON FOREVER... UND VE SHALL DIE IN DER JUNGLE!



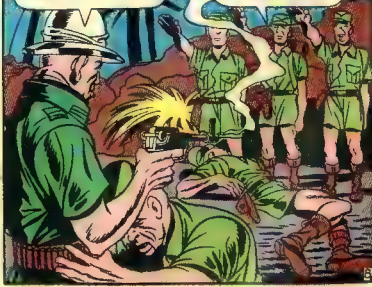
YOU ARE RIGHT IN VUN THING---YOU SHALL DIE IN DER JUNGLE...NOW!

NEIN! NEIN!! HAVE MERCY, COMMANDANT!



AS FOR THE REST OF YOU...VOT HAFF YOU TO SAY?

VE VILL OBEY ORDERS, MEIN COLONEL!





**BUT WHEN DAWN COMES...**

WHAT A WRETCHED NIGHT... **ACHTUNG!**  
WH-WHERE ARE MY MEN? **HIMMEL!** DER  
COWARDS HAVE DESERTED, UND LEFT  
ME ONLY A FEW SUPPLIES!



VEN I RETURN, I SHALL HAVE DER  
TRAITORS SHOOT! BUT I SHALL NOT  
RETURN WITHOUT AGGOMPLISHING  
MY MISSION! WHILE MY FOOD UND  
AMMUNITION LAST, I AM MUCH  
STRONGER THAN ALL DER  
COMMANDOS TOGETHER!



INDEED... RIP AND HIS GANG ARE HARDLY  
MORE THAN HALF ALIVE AT THAT MOMENT...

WE MUST BE  
ALMOST THERE!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO KEEP  
GOING!

COME, MON  
AMI! WE  
SHALL LIVE  
TO STRIKE  
ANOTHER  
BLOW AT  
ZÉ BOCHÉ!

I COULDN'T  
STRIKE A BLOW  
AT H'A MOUSE!



WHEN STRENGTH FAILS, SHEER NERVE  
CARRIES THEM THROUGH THE STEAMING  
JUNGLE...

JUST A LITTLE FARTHER,  
JAN! WE'LL REST AT  
THE FIRST GOOD  
PLACE WE SEE!

I COULD  
REST  
FOREVER  
RIGHT  
HERE!



HOURS LATER AS NIGHT  
FALLS... THE BROKEN  
FIGHTERS STUMBLE UPON  
A DESERTED NATIVE HUT...

WE'LL SPEND THE  
NIGHT HERE ---  
AND IN THE  
MORNING WE  
MAY FIND  
SOME FOOD!

WE BETTER  
FIND SOME  
OR DE WAR  
WILL HAFTA  
GO ON WID-  
OUT US!

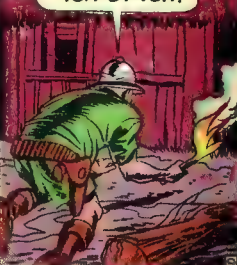


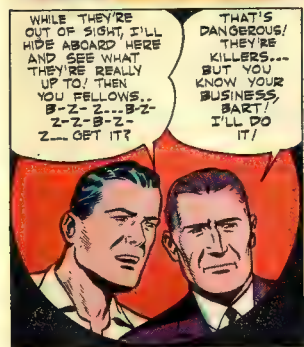
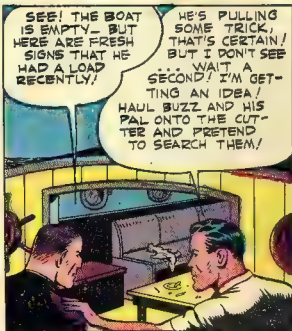
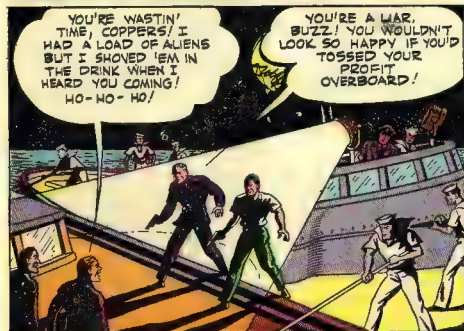
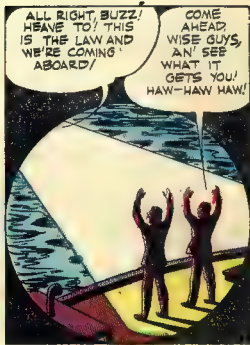
AND AS THEY SLEEP... TOO  
EXHAUSTED EVEN TO POST  
A GUARD, THE RELENTLESS  
VON KLOPF CLOSES IN FOR  
THE KILL...

AT LAST... I HAFF  
THEM CORNERED!  
TRAPPED...  
LIKE RATS!



**HAIHA!!** DER FLAMES  
VILL DRIVE THEM FORTH,  
SCREAMING... UND I VILL  
SHOOT THEM DOWN...  
**VON BY VON!**







WHY SHOULD A STRONG MAN  
LIKE ME WASTE BULLETS ON  
WEAKLINGS LIKE YOU?

YE YELLA-LIVERED  
COWARD... H'I'LL  
SHOW YE 'OO'S  
H'A WEAKLIN'!

HO!HO!HO! YOU  
ARE SO FIERCE,  
MY LITTLE  
WILDCAT...YOU  
TERRIFY ME!

FOR DAT  
I'M GONNA  
BAT YA  
CLEAN  
OUTA DA  
LOT!

A HAND GRENADE VILL  
CHANGE YOUR MIND, EH?  
AT ANY RATE, IT VILL CHANGE  
YOUR APPEARANCES!

HA! HA! HA!

PARBLEU!  
A  
GRENADE!

SUDDENLY THE QUIET JUNGLE  
ATMOSPHERE IS SHATTERED  
BY THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE...

SLAP ME  
DOWN! WE GOT  
COMPANY!

HIMMEL! THE  
COMMANDOS ARE  
COMING!

...AND UPON THE ASTONISHED COMPANY BREAKS  
ONE OF THOSE MINOR MIRACLES OF WAR...

STRIKE ME PINK...  
H'IT'S OUR OWN  
LADS!

I KNEW WE WERE GETTING  
CLOSE TO OUR OUTPOSTS!  
THEY HEARD THE SHOOTING  
AND CAME ON THE RUN!

KAMERAD!

LATER... AT A NEARBY  
BRITISH ARMY POST...

YOU LOOK A  
BIT DONE IN,  
CAPTAIN!

AS A MATTER OF FACT...  
NONE OF US HAS EATEN  
FOR A WEEK!

HEY, GANG... THIS  
WAY IF YOU THINK  
YOU COULD STAND  
SOME CHOW!

IN A MINUTE, RIP---  
WE GOT SOMETHIN'  
MORE IMPORTANT  
TA TAKE CARE OF  
FOIST!

BLIMEY!  
THERE  
H'IT IS!!

H'AT LAST...  
WE  
FINALLY  
MADE H'IT!

ONE MORE CON-  
TRIBUTION TO-  
WARD WINNING  
DER VAR!

WHAT'S  
ALL THIS,  
ANYWAY?



NOT A LOT, MAYBE...  
BUT ONE LITTLE  
BULLET COULD DO  
PLENTY DAMAGE TO  
HITLER!

WELL...I'LL BE A KITCHEN  
MECHANIC! ALL THIS RISK...  
MYSTERY AND TROUBLE...TO  
SAVE THE TINFOIL WRAPPERS  
FROM THOSE FOOD PELLETS!



AN' WHY NOT,  
MIGHT H'I AWSK?  
H'AIN'T WE BEEN  
EARIN' TALK O'  
TH' H'IMPORTANCE  
O' SAVIN' H'EVERY  
SCRAP THAT C'N  
'ELP WIN THIS  
SCRAP?

WE TOOK A SOLEMN  
VOW, M'SIEU RIP,  
ZAT ZE BOCHE  
SHOULD NEVAIR GET  
ZAT TINFOIL WHILE  
WE WERE  
ALIVE!

WE DIDN'  
TELL YA  
'CAUSE WE  
DIDN' WANT  
YA LAFFIN'  
AT US!



LAUGH? WHY... I'VE  
NEVER BEEN PROUDER  
OF YOU! IT'S THE  
LITTLE THINGS THAT  
REALLY WIN WARS...  
LITTLE SACRIFICES  
AND THOUGHTFUL  
ACTS OF MILLIONS  
OF MEN, WOMEN,  
AND CHILDREN...



...AND YOU'VE JUST SET  
THE FINEST EXAMPLE I'VE  
EVER HEARD OF! YOU  
BOYS ARE HEROES IN THIS,  
AS MUCH AS IN ANYTHING  
YOU'VE EVER DONE!

VOT? HEROES?  
CHUST FOR  
BRINGING A  
LITTLE TIN  
BOX ALONG  
WITH US?



ANOTHER DAY...AND ANOTHER RAIDING  
PARTY PREPARES TO STRIKE FAR BE-  
HIND THE FRONT LINES OF THE ENEMY...

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BRING  
BACK ANOTHER COLONEL THIS  
TIME...OR EVEN A GENERAL!  
HAVE WE GOT  
EVERYTHING?

WE AIN'T  
FORGOT  
NUTTIN',  
RIP---



...NOT EVEN DA  
LITTLE TIN  
BOX!



THE COMMANDOS  
ARE COMING!

LAUGHING, FIGHTING,  
MOCKING AT DEATH...  
RIP CARTER'S GANG  
OF TWO-LEGGED  
WILDCATS BRING  
YOU NEW SENSATIONAL  
ADVENTURES IN  
EACH ISSUE OF

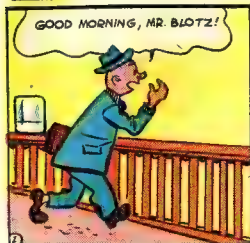
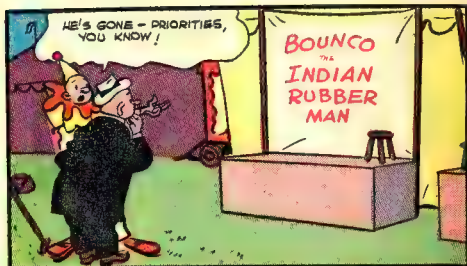
DETECTIVE  
COMICS

WORLD'S FINEST  
COMICS

BOY COMMANDOS  
COMICS



# GAGS



## WORLD'S FINEST VALUE! SUPERMAN! BATMAN! BOY COMMANDOS!

---YES, GENERAL, IT'S  
THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CON-  
TAINING **ALL THREE** OF  
THOSE **TOP** FEATURES!

CORRECT, ADMIRAL!  
AND LOTS OF **OTHER**  
GREAT ACTION STORIES  
IN THOSE **96 PAGES!**  
YESSIR, IT'S TOO GOOD  
TO MISS!!



NOW  
ON  
SALE



# STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



## The Amazon

THERE is an interesting story as to how the mightiest of all rivers, the Amazon, got its name. Back in the year 1541, Francisco de Orellana, a Spanish explorer, crossed the Andes mountains in Peru and embarked on an expedition on a broad river to determine where it would take him. While on this trip, Orellana encountered a savage tribe of

tance of almost 4,000 miles in an easterly direction, Orellana finally came to the mouth of the river at the Atlantic Ocean.

When Orellana reached civilization he reported the incidents of his trip and called the river, "el Rio de las Amazonas," (the river of the Amazons) for he believed that he had encountered a tribe of women warriors. From that time on, others referred to the river as the Amazon and that is how it got its name.

Although Orellana made his trip in 1541 other explorers as far back as the year 1500 discovered the river but they did not penetrate it for more than 50 miles. Orellana was the first explorer to descend the mighty Amazon. It was not until 1638 that the first ascent of the river was made. To-day, ocean going steamers travel up the river for a distance of 2500 miles and smaller craft can go 500 miles further.

During 1942, on the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the Amazon River, Ecuador issued a set of 8 stamps each with a different design to commemorate the event. On one of the stamps of the set, the 10-centavo, there appeared a portrait of Francisco de Orellana, the explorer who made the first descent of the river and the one responsible for its name.



### Francisco de Orellana

Indians called the Tapuyas who fought a battle with him. He was amazed to see the women of the tribe fighting alongside of the men, as has been their custom. Orellana overcame the savages and continued on his trip. After travelling on the river for a dis-

#### ASCENSION — FIJI — NIUE

Virgin Isles, scarce African Airmail, "Hard-to-get" stamps from Eritrea, Pahang, Salangor, Tanganyika, Mauritius, Kenya, Vatican City, South Sea Islands, Africa, So. America, many more, mostly British "Colonies" only 5c to approval applicants. Kenwood Stamp Co., 131A Burchett, Glendale, Cal.

#### FREE!!! RUSSIA WAR STAMPS

Also an Austria World War airplane charity set picturing troops in actual battle scenes. While our limited supply lasts we will send approval applicants these two sets of stamps for only 3c (four cents) service charge. L. D. Williams & Co., 704 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

**EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!** Boys and girls, sell my approval nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent. Mortimer H. Ellis, 55 Reade St., New York City

**MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE** Free to approval applicants  
**PLADON STAMP CO.**  
1717 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

**FREE**

#### STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packet of 100 different stamps from world; including countries at war; packet of stamp hinges; and 48 page STAMP COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK for valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.  
H. D. Dolin, 31 Park Row, New York City

#### STAMPS GIVEN TO COLLECTORS

United States Internal Revenue on Origin Documents, including 31-52-54-55-510 Stamps plus 40 page illustrated U. S. Price-Check List to U. S. Approval applicants. Entire Postage.  
Metropolitan Stamps Dept., 4, 193 Broadway, N.Y.C.

#### Gigantic Canadian Bargain

Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V. set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.  
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#### 16 PAN AMERICAN SETS — 10c

To attract approval applicants of the better type we are making the following amazing offer. From our good neighbors in the Western Hemisphere 16 sets from 16 countries: Mexico 729-33 complete, Canada Royal Visit complete, Puerto Rico 65-66, Jamaica George 2 values, Ecuador map, Guatemala birds 3 val., Venezuela 10, British Guiana new waterfalls, Old Newfoundland, Bolivia postal tax complete, Peru map and pictorials, Colombia 2RA pictorials, Chile transportation pictorials 3 val., Paraguay commemoratives, 2 val., Brazil 5 val., Cuba 26-66.  
We will send all these for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Kindly state whether you wish "on approval" United States, foreign or both.

Approval Headquarters  
**GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY**  
268 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Dept. 733

#### U.S. FREE Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale U.S.

If you Write To-day for My Fine U.S. Approvals  
JOHN J. GUNTHER, Box 555, Stamford, Conn.

#### GREAT "4 CAT. PRICE FOR 5" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; 2 value 10c set, etc. (2) United States, cat. price 20c. (3) Fine packet 25 diff. British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, Johore, etc. (4) 53 diff. 10c and 5c values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

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#### FREE — THE STAMP FINDER!

Send to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also free packet containing fascinating stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patella, Cyprus, etc., including Egypt, Shill, Mauritania and stamps. All free to approval applicants including 3c postage.  
CARCELON STAMP CO.

Box 952 Calais, Maine

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Few collectors have ever seen these rare U. S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1891. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who endorse 4c (four cents) postage.  
R. D. Roberts & Co., 564 Shearar Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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23 different including ZEPPELIN, Mozambique Box, and Bolivia TRIANGLES, Latin-America and others; a fine airmail collection. Write to applicants for our best value approvals.  
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A collection of stamps from our friendly neighbors, of the New World, including a facsimile reproduction of a rare U. S. stamp. Write to approval applicants for our approval selections. Send 4c (four cents) service charge.  
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W. C. BOOKMAN, Box 145DA, Maplewood, N. J.

#### 6 DIFF. AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 4c

To approval service applicants.  
AVALON STAMP CO., 43 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER



## THE OLD-FASHIONED CRIMES

EARLY ONE MORNING, AND SAM JONES, AN AVERAGE CITIZEN, IS ABOUT TO GET THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!



JUST GOT TIME FOR A GLANCE AT THE HEADLINES, AND THEN TO WORK!



SAME OLD NEWS/ ACCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, WAR HEADLINES—WHAT'S THE SENSE OF LOOKING AT IT?

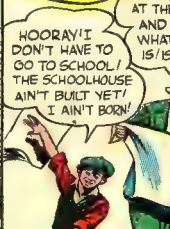
SAME OLD NEWS, IS IT? TAKE A GOOD LOOK, MR. JONES!



I MUST BE CRAZY—IT CAN'T BE—



—AND ALL OVER THE CITY!!!



HOORAY! I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL! THE SCHOOLHOUSE AIN'T BUILT YET! I AIN'T BORN!

MOTHER, LOOK AT THE CALENDAR AND MAKE SURE WHAT YEAR THIS IS! IS THIS 1843 OR 1843?



TRAVIS HAS SCOOPED THE SENTINEL AGAIN! A CLEVER STUNT, REPUBLISHING THE FIRST ISSUE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER!

IT'S A SENSATION, MR. TRAVIS! EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT THE GLOBE-LEADER!

I THOUGHT THEY WOULD, CARSON! IT'S A REPRINT OF OUR FIRST EDITION! A FINE WAY TO CELEBRATE OUR 100TH ANNIVERSARY!





ALSO, TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION, I'VE PREPARED THIS MUSEUM, SHOWING HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN 1843!

EVERYBODY WILL WANT TO SEE IT!

BUT ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, IN A SECRET BACKROOM, THREE CRIMINALS RECEIVE INSPIRATION FROM THE CENTURY-OLD PAPER



THE GLOBE-LEADER'S STUNT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR SOME SWELL CRIMES, BOYS!

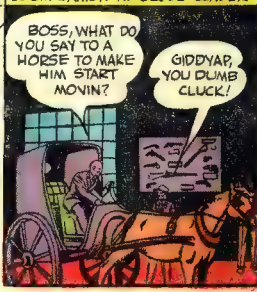


WHEN YOU GET AN IDEA, FOX, IT'S MONEY IN OUR POCKETS!

YEAH, THE FOX'S TRICKS ALWAYS WORK!

WE CAN'T USE AUTOMOBILES FOR GETAWAYS! IT'S TOO HARD TO GET TIRES AND GAS! BUT HORSES AREN'T RATIONED!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE THREE RACKETEERS BREAK INTO THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT AT GLOBE-LEADER!



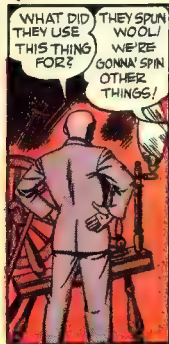
BOSS, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A HORSE TO MAKE HIM START MOVIN'?

GIDDYAP, YOU DUMB CLUCK!



SAY, FOX, THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO WEAR THIS THING?

SURE, IT'LL FIT YOUR POISON-ALITY!



WHAT DO THEY USE THIS THING FOR?

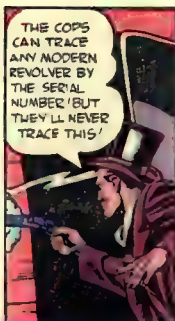
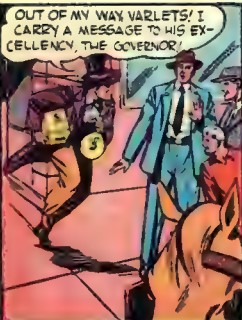
THEY SPUN WOOL! WE'RE GONNA SPIN OTHER THINGS!



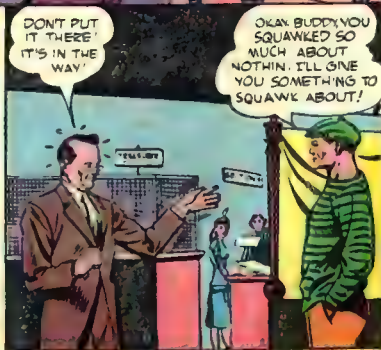
NEXT DAY... OUTSIDE THE STATE BANK!

THAT HANSOM CAB MUST BE PART OF THE GLOBE-LEADER'S PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN!

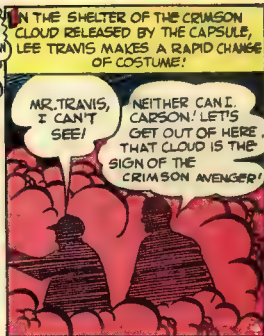
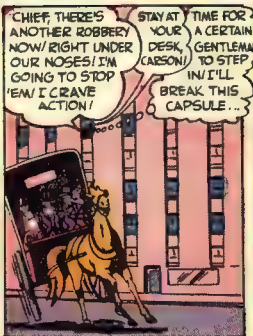
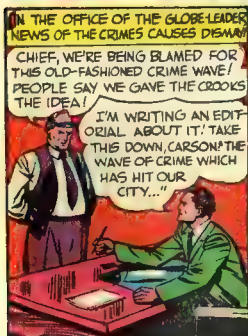
YEAH, IT'S A SWELL GAG!



MEANWHILE, BEFORE A LEADING DEPARTMENT STORE A STRANGE CARGO MAKES ITS APPEARANCE AND A PUZZLED MANAGER STARES IN BEWILDERMENT...









HOW ABOUT  
ANOTHER PASSENGER  
FOR THIS HANSON  
CAB?

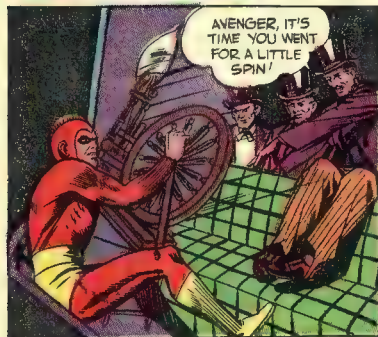


MEANWHILE, WING, LEE TRANS!  
CHAUFFEUR WHO HAS FALLEN ASLEEP  
WAITING FOR HIM, HEARS THE SOUND  
OF A STRUGGLE...

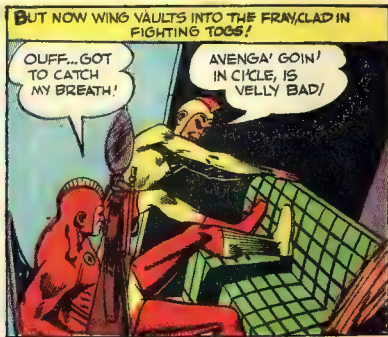
AH, WOE! CLIMSON TAKE OLD-  
FASHIONED TAXI STEDA' WINGS  
CA! WING  
GOTTA CHANGE  
CLOTHES!



HANSON IS AS  
HANSON DOES!  
AND YOU'RE NOT  
HANDSOME ANYMORE,  
CHUM!



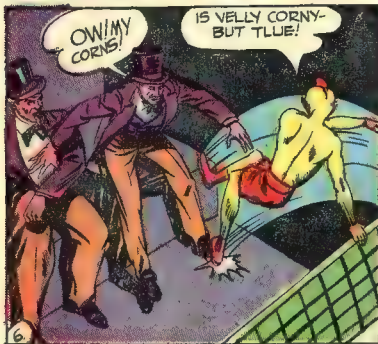
AVENGER, IT'S  
TIME YOU WENT  
FOR A LITTLE  
SPIN!



BUT NOW WING VAULTS INTO THE FRAY, CLAD IN  
FIGHTING TOGS!

OUFF... GOT  
TO CATCH  
MY BREATH!

AVENGA' GOIN'  
IN CYCLE, IS  
VELLY BAD!



OW! MY  
CORNS!

IS VELLY CORNY-  
BUT TLUE!



SMOKE GETS  
IN YOUR  
MOUTH

GULP!



BUT THE FOX IS AS TRICKY AS THE CUNNING CREATURE AFTER WHICH HE WAS NAMED!

THIS ANDIRON FROM AN OLD-FIRE PLACE IS COMING IN MIGHTY HANDY NOW!

AH! WOE!

BUT NOW THE AVENGER PLUNGES INTO HIGH-POWERED ACTION!

YOU'RE ACTING TOO MODERN, FOX! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT FLYING WASN'T INVENTED UNTIL AFTER 1843?

SUDDENLY...A SIREN SCREECHES...THE FRIGHTENED HORSE BURSTS INTO A WILD GALLOP!

WOE IS ME! WING NO FALL FOR OLD-FASHIONED GAL, BUT FALL FOR OLD-FASHIONED TAXI!

THAT SIREN'S A SIGN THE POLICE ARE COMING!

THE POLICE ARE SURE TO CATCH THE CAB! THAT HORSE CAN'T OUTFRAN AN AUTOMOBILE!

WHO KNOW? MAYBE AUTOMOBILE OLD-FASHIONED, TOO!

AND THEN...AN UNEXPECTED TRAFFIC JAM! OLD-FASHIONED VEHICLES POUR FROM AN ALLEY INTO THE STREET!

THE POLICE WILL NEVER BREAK THROUGH THIS JAM IN TIME! THE FOX HAS ESCAPED AGAIN, USING THESE CARRIAGES HE STOLE FROM OUR MUSEUM!

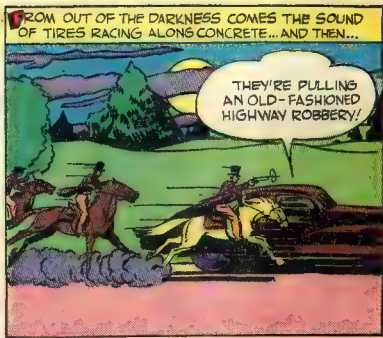
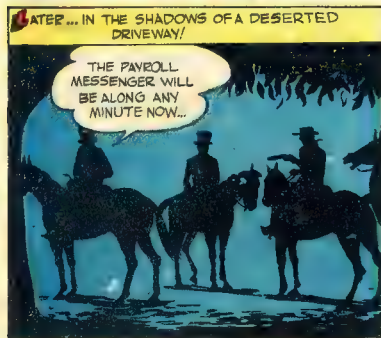
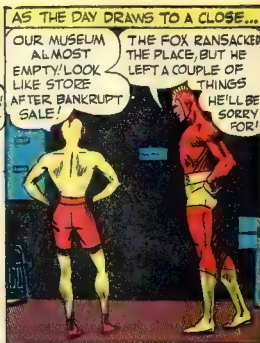
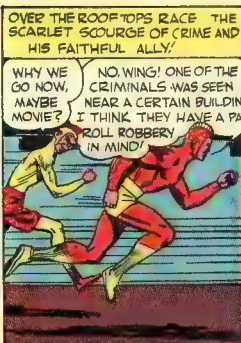
BETCHA WE GET BLAMED AGAIN, BECAUSE THESE CARRIAGES BELONG TO GLOBE-LEADER!

NEVER MIND THAT, WING! I HAVE TO GET TO A PHONE BOOTH!

HELLO, CARSON, TAKE THIS...ALTHOUGH THE CRIMINALS ARE SHREWD, THEY MAKE MISTAKES...

WHAT'S THAT, CARSON? REPEAT IT!

A MAN IN OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES WAS SEEN NEAR THE REPUBLIC PRODUCTS COMPANY!





SUDDENLY... A TERRIFYING SIGHT! A  
FLAMING RED SWORD OF JUSTICE RE-  
VEALS THE PRESENCE OF THE AVENGER!

THAT FLAMING  
SWORD CAN ONLY  
BE PRODUCED BY  
A SPECIAL  
PAINT! IT'S  
THE CRIMSON  
AVENGER!

NO FO'GET WING,  
PLISS! WING ALSO  
HAVE HOSS!



YES, IT'S THE  
AVENGER! THE  
GAME IS UP, FOX!  
BETTER SURRENDER!



THE FOX REPLIES WITH A BLAST  
OF WITHERING FLAME!

THE FOX IS TRICKIER  
THAN YOU THINK, AVENGER!  
THIS IS THE  
END OF YOU!  
LET'S ESCAPE  
BEFORE THE  
COPS GET  
HERE!

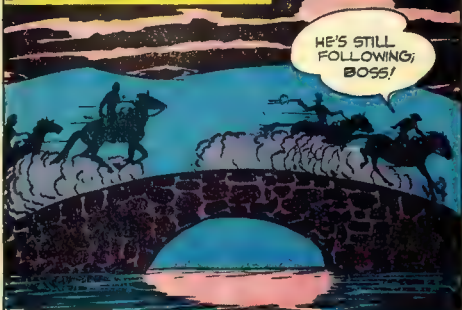


LUCKY FOR ME THOSE  
OLD-FASHIONED PISTOLS  
DON'T SHOOT VERY  
STRAIGHT!



AND NOW BEGINS A GRIM PURSUIT...

HE'S STILL  
FOLLOWING;  
BOSS!



UNEXPECTEDLY, A LONG FREIGHT TRAIN COMES BETWEEN THE  
CRIMINALS AND THEIR CRIMSON NEMESIS!

THAT'S A  
LONG FREIGHT  
TRAIN, BOSS! HE  
CAN'T GET OVER  
THAT!



THAT LONG  
GALLOP DOWNHILL  
GAVE US MOMENTUM!  
I HOPE WE MAKE  
THIS JUMP!

NO LIKE  
PLAY  
LEAPFLOG!  
GLAD THAT  
HOSS DO ALL  
HAD WORK!



YOU'RE TRAPPED AT  
LAST, FOX! SOON YOU'LL  
GET A PAIR OF OLD-  
FASHIONED HAND-  
CUFFS!

NICE  
WO'K, MIST'  
CLIMSON! WING  
COLLA' OTHA'  
CLIMINAL!

WHAT A SCOOP! WILL MR. TRAVIS BE SURPRISED, AVENGER, WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

WING CAN IMAGINE!



# ENERGY FOR VICTORY!



**TELL  
MOTHER**  
*to Make Tasty, Crunchy  
Cookies with BABY RUTH Candy Bars  
Recipe on Every Wrapper*



*Rich in Dextrose  
the sugar your body  
uses directly for  
ENERGY!*

U. S. Bombers possess plenty of power. Their engines burn highly refined gasoline—fuel which creates vast amounts of quick energy to carry out war missions victoriously.

## DEXTROSE CREATES QUICK-ENERGY

The food you eat creates the energy that motivates your body like the combustion of gasoline propels the motor. The Dextrose in BABY RUTH is a high-energy-value food quickly utilized by the body to replenish used-up energy.

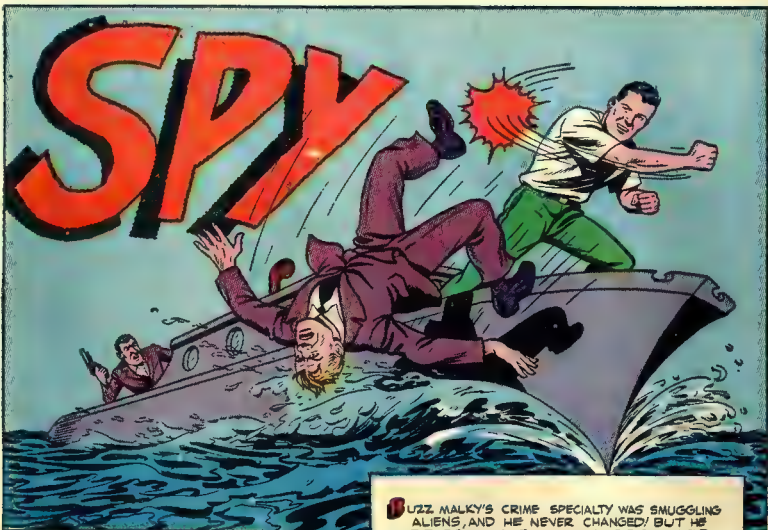
## BABY RUTH GIVES YOU PRIMARY FOOD-ENERGY!

By eating a Curtiss BABY RUTH Candy Bar, rich in DEXTROSE, and other nourishing ingredients, you help replenish used-up energy. Enjoy its goodness often—eat it between meals when energy lags. It's nutritious and so delectable. A victorious BIG food-energy value for so little. Enjoy a BABY RUTH today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



**FOR VICTORY BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS**



VISITING A SOUTHERN OFFICE OF THE SECRET SERVICE, AGENT BART REGAN MEETS A MYSTERY...

OKAY, BUZZ! BUT WE'LL GET YOU YET!

HAW-HAW! YOU AND WHICH ARMY, COPPER?



HMMM! THE BOYS SEEM TO HAVE HAD VISITORS!

I'LL SHOVE THAT LAUGH DOWN YOUR THROATS IF IT'S THE-- WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE... BART REGAN, HIMSELF!



HELLO, MIKE! SOMEBODY GETTING YOUR COAT?

**B**UZZ MALKY'S CRIME SPECIALTY WAS SMUGGLING ALIENS, AND HE NEVER CHANGED! BUT HE DID FIGURE OUT A NEW TWIST ON AN OLD GAME THAT HAD THE SECRET SERVICE RUNNING IN DIZZY CIRCLES-- UNTIL BART REGAN STAKED HIS LIFE ON A HUNCH AND ALMOST ENDED UP FEEDING THE SHARKS IN ---

**CORPSE COVE!!**

AND NOW! BUZZ MALKY'S AN OLD TIME ALIEN SMUGGLER AND WE'RE SURE HE'S DOING BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND! BUT WE CAN'T PIN IT ON HIM!



DOES HE GIVE YOU THE SLIP?

NO! THAT'S JUST IT! WE CATCH HIM RUNNING IN FROM CUBA NIGHT AFTER NIGHT-- BUT HIS BOAT IS ALWAYS EMPTY! WE HAVE IDEAS, BUT NO PROOF!



SOUNDS LIKE A GAG! BUT CAN I HELP?



A NIGHTMARE OF CRACKLING  
FLAME AND SEARING  
HEAT BURSTS UPON THE  
FUGITIVES---

FIRE! WAKE  
UP! RUN  
FOR YOUR  
LIVES!

WHAT! IT  
IS MORNING  
ALREADY,  
YES?

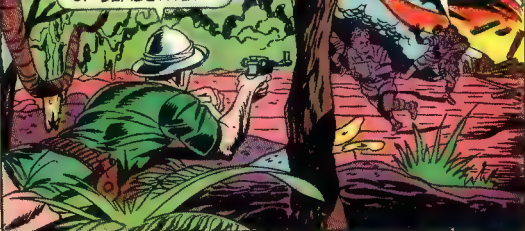


H'I'LL  
TAKE  
CHARGE  
O' THIS!

AND A HUNTER OF MEN, SCHOOLED IN CRUELTY, ENJOYS  
A MOMENT OF RARE SPORT...

THIS MOMENT ISS WORTH ALL THE  
DAYS OF HARDSHIP! HOW MY COM-  
RADES VILL LAUGH WHEN I TELL  
DEM OF THIS AMUSING NIGHT  
OF SLAUGHTER!

IT'S A TRAP!  
GET BEHIND  
BUSHES... TREES...  
ANYTHING!



THE LITTLE TIN BOX IS  
NOT ARMOR-PLATED....  
AND A STEEL-JACKETED  
SLUG PIERCES IT TO CLAIM  
THE FIRST CASUALTY...



SPANG!

OW!

WHEN HE HAS THOROUGHLY  
SPRAYED THE VICINITY WITH  
BULLETS, THE BOLD HUNTSMAN  
VENTURES FORTH!

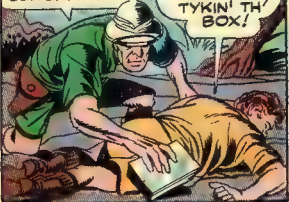


THAT LITTLE TIN  
BOX WHICH THE  
LAD CLINGS TO,  
EVEN IN DEATH,  
SHALL BE MY  
TROPHY OF  
VICTORY!

BUT ALFY IS NOT DEAD...NOT  
EVEN SO BADLY STUNNED THAT  
HE DOES NOT FEEL THE LITTLE  
TIN BOX WITHDRAWN FROM HIS  
FINGERS---

WHO KNOWS? IT MAY EVEN  
CONTAIN PAPERS, MAPS THAT  
MAY AID US IN  
ANNIHILATING  
OUR ENEMIES!

WHERE...  
WHA... HE'S  
TYKIN' TH'  
BOX!



GIMME THAT,  
YE BLINKIN'  
'UN! I AIN'T  
'ELPIN' 'ITLER  
WIN NO WAR!

THEN  
YOU ARE  
NOT  
DEAD?  
WE'LL  
SOON FIX  
THAT!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

YOU'RE ALL THROUGH  
SHOOTING CHILDREN,  
YOU NAZI RAT!

PUT DOWN  
DAT BOX!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

YOU CAN GO NOW - BUT WE'LL GET YOU LATER!

YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG! I CAN OUT-THINK ANY TEN COPPERS, AND YOU GUYS ARE FINDIN' IT OUT!



THERE THEY GO - GIVING US THE RAZZBERRY AGAIN!

AND IT LOOKS TO ME JUST LIKE BART REGAN'S FUNERAL - GOING SOME PLACE TO HAPPEN!

TAH, TAH, COPPERS!



BOY, YOU SURE GOT THOSE SECRET SERVICE GUYS GOIN' IN CIRCLES. BUZZ!

THEY'RE DOING JUST WHAT WE WANT 'EM TO, IF THEY KEEP ON, WE'LL BE RICH!



THEY KNOW WE'RE SMUGGLIN' ALIENS - BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE DOIN' IT IN REVERSE!

IN REVERSE?? THEN MY GUESS WAS RIGHT/WHAT A DIRTY RACKET!



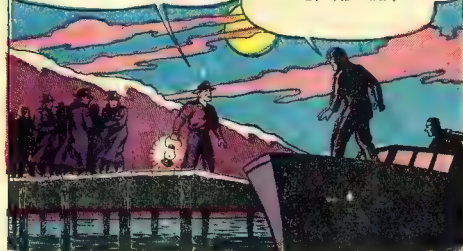
THERE'S CORPSE COVE! AND THE SIGNAL SAYS THEY'RE READY!

GOOD! HUSTLE 'EM ABOARD SO WE CAN GET AWAY FAST!



ALL SET, CHIEF! TEN OF 'EM - WITH THE CASH IN SMALL BILLS! DID THE LAW SNOOP AROUND AGAIN TONIGHT?

SURE! AND GOT NOTHIN', AS USUAL! THEY'RE HEADED HOME NOW. TRYIN' TO FIGURE MY ANGLES! OKAY, YOU JAPS, HOP ABOARD!



JAPS! I'M RIGHT AGAIN! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO NAB BUZZ SMUGGLING ALIENS INTO THIS COUNTRY, AND ALL THE TIME HE'S BEEN SMUGGLING THEM OUT!

MIKE'S BEEN STOPPING HIM ON THE RETURN TRIP! NO WONDER BUZZ GAVE US A HORSE-LAUGH!







STEP LINELY, YOU MONKEYS - NEXT STOP.. CUBA!

I HOPE MICHAELS AND THE BOYS FOLLOWED US, LIKE THEY PROMISED. THE ODDS ARE TWELVE--TO--ONE AGAINST ME!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO BART, HIS CAREFUL PLANS HAVE MET A SNAG!

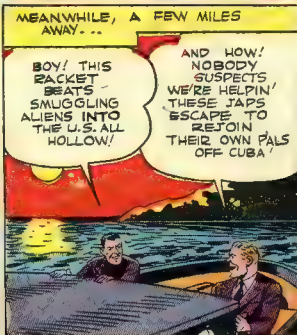
KEEP THE ENGINE MUFFLED! WE DON'T WANT MALKY TO KNOW WE'RE TRAILING...  
**HEY! WE'RE STOPPING!**

**CAPTAIN!**  
THE ENGINE BROKE DOWN!  
WE'VE GOT TO STOP FOR REPAIRS!



IT'LL TAKE TWENTY MINUTES TO GET HER GOING AGAIN, SIR!

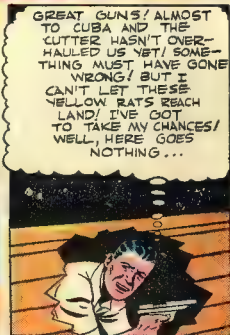
WITH THAT DELAY WE'LL NEVER FIND BUZZ'S BOAT AGAIN!  
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET BART TAKE THAT TERRIBLE RISK ALONE!



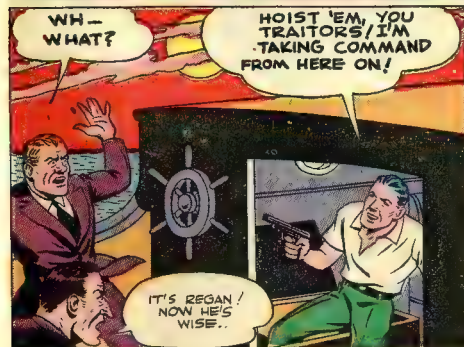
MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY...

BOY! THIS RACKET BEATS - SMUGGLING ALIENS INTO THE U.S. ALL HOLLOW!

AND HOW! NOBODY SUSPECTS WE'RE HELPIN' THESE JAPS ESCAPE TO REJOIN THEIR OWN PALS OFF CUBA!



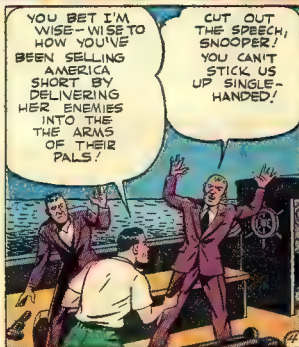
GREAT GUNS! ALMOST TO CUBA AND THE CUTTER HASN'T OVERHAULED US YET! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG! BUT I CAN'T LET THESE YELLOW RATS REACH LAND! I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY CHANCES! WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING...



WH-- WHAT?

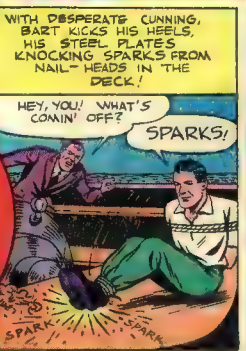
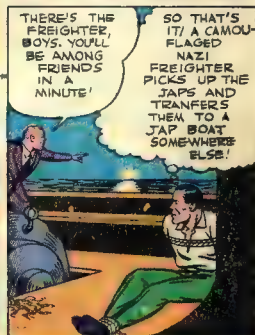
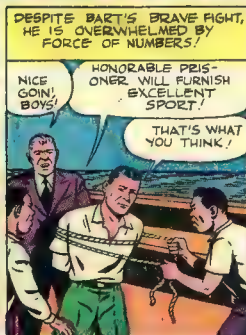
HOIST 'EM, YOU TRAITORS! I'M TAKING COMMAND FROM HERE ON!

IT'S REGAN! NOW HE'S WISE..



YOU BET I'M WISE--WISE TO HOW YOU'VE BEEN SELLING AMERICA SHORT BY DELIVERING HER ENEMIES INTO THE ARMS OF THEIR PALS!

CUT OUT THE SPEECH, SNOOPER! YOU CAN'T STICK US UP SINGLE-HANDED!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, BART HOBBLES INTO ACTION!

PRACTICE FIRE-FIGHTING, BOYS! YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN OUR BOYS PAY TOKYO ANOTHER VISIT!

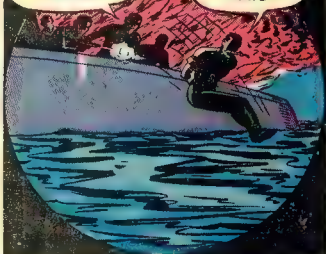
GET THAT SECRET SERVICE SNOOP, HE STARTED IT! KILL HIM!



LIKE A FLASH, BART SNATCHES THE JAP'S KNIFE IN HIS TEETH AND LEAPS INTO THE BLACK SEA!

SHOOT HIM, SLIM!

SO LONG, RATS!



WHEW! THIS WILL BE A NEAT TRICK-- IF I CAN DO IT..



WARNED BY A STREAK OF BLACK, BART HURLS HIMSELF ASIDE AS...

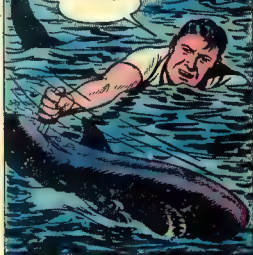
A SHARK! HE MISSED ME-- BUT THE SEAS FULL OF MAN-EATERS!

LET HIM GO! THE SHARKS WILL GET HIM!



WITH A SUPREME EFFORT, BART SLICES HIS BONDS!

UGH! GOT HIM!



NOW'S MY CHANCE! YIPPEE! IT'S MICHAELS AND THE BOYS!

THERE HE IS.. OVER THERE! HANG ON, BART! WE'LL PICK YOU UP!



TEN MINUTES LATER ..

WHAT A HAUL! BUZZ AND HIS JAPS AND A NAZI FREIGHTER CAMOUFLAGED AS A CUBAN! BUT IT WAS ALMOST CURTAINS FOR YOU, BART. WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND YOU IF WE HADN'T SPOTTED THE FIRE YOU SET!

YES, THAT GANG IS BUSTED UP! BUT YOU DID IT, MIKE!



G-NASHING the AXIS

I saved my mother for fifty cents To see the Emperor jump the fence I bought a stamp and he jumped like fun And scorching his pants on the Waving Gun.



NOY WAR BOND AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY



# SOLE WITNESS

by Eric Carter

**D**OC GARDEN lived in the plant. He had a room and a lab in a wing adjoining the immense factory. The plant restaurant always brought him his meals, and he lived a very happy life.

Too happy, the man known as Warren reflected. It was time something was done about it. And that, you might think, is quite an odd thought for a defense worker to have.

But then you didn't know Warren. Nobody did except the Gestapo, for whom he had been working in this country. Warren was a murderer as well as a spy. The birth certificate he had used to obtain this job had formerly belonged to a simple worker whose body would never be found. Lime kilns destroy evidence. And Warren had used such a kiln.

Warren's real name was Von Weber. The Gestapo considered him one of its best spies. Warren thought so, too.

It had taken real cleverness to get into this plant. And only an Aryan super-human could have learned what Warren did. That, at last, that eccentric old fool who pottered around in a wing adjacent to the machine shop, had ironed out the bug in the bomb sight.

Earlier in the day, Warren had formulated his plan. He couldn't miss, and he wasn't going to slip up, either. Not that if he did slip, he told himself, he couldn't get away. He had a healthy disrespect for American ingenuity.

"Stupid clods," he used to tell himself, "when the New Order comes in, we'll teach them to think." As an afterthought, he added: "Or kill them doing it."

Tonight, though, he had no

intentions of committing murder unless he had to. Murder was a risky business, and a man as smart as Warren stayed away from it. Right now.

He smiled, thinking how completely he had taken in the shop foreman. He had actually received a raise in pay because of good work. Pay! As though those fools could pay him for his services.

He nodded toward the foreman, who now passed. And, as the man left, Warren's eyes stole a glance at the clock. It was almost four a.m. There'd be a chance to eat, a chance to get a breath of fresh air in the yards. For a moment, he fingered pensively, the identification badge pinned to his overalls. Beneath the work clothes he wore a dark suit.

Well, in just a few moments, he'd be able to get to work. He felt a tremor of excitement course through him. A few minutes—and then by tomorrow he'd be rid of this accursed job over which he had labored for three months.

He limped toward another machine, and set busily to work. It wasn't a very perceptible limp, but it was still there. In a way Warren felt happy about the wooden leg. It made a perfect hiding place for the small, powerful camera hidden in it. And the gun.

Head bent over the machine, he awaited the supper whistle. At last it came, just a quick blast from the whistle the foreman carried around his neck.

Warren picked up his lunch kit and strayed toward the door. He smiled affably at a group of men with whom he drove in every day. "I'm going over to the restaurant and get some

coffee," he said. "I'll be right back."

There was always a rush at the counter at this time. The workmen would think he had been held up, waiting.

Outside, the night air was soft and balmy. Warren smiled in satisfaction, noting the absence of a moon. Faint cracks of light seeped through the dimout curtain in front of the restaurant. Behind Warren, the factory was a huge black shroud.

He moved toward the restaurant, joining the jostling men, but keeping on the fringe of them. No one noticed him as he slid into the shadows. It was lucky the restaurant was so close to that crazy inventor they called Doc Garden.

Yes, Warren was convinced the old man was touched in the head. Yet so had been genius, and there was no denying that Garden had made some very effective contributions to the war effort.

Warren bit his lip as he thought of the hardship he had undergone these months, trying to get information. He had been smart enough to ask no questions. These fool Americans, they were determined not to talk.

His fist clenched. Well, Doc Garden would talk. Or else he wouldn't live to talk again.

Warren moved cautiously toward the wing of the building in which Garden slept. There were no lights burning. He breathed in relief. That part of his plan had worked out all right. He had believed that, now the bomb sight had been worked out, the old man would sleep. Night after night that lamp had been lit.

Soundlessly, Warren turned the knob of Doc Garden's door. The old man never kept it locked.

Warren stood in the darkness a moment, and his eyes chilled the room. The old man was breathing heavily. A pin point of light cut through the darkness, came to rest on Doc Garden's face. He was smiling in his sleep.

Warren's hands found the inventor's throat. He shook it. There was a gasp, and the man's hands clutched out.

"Be quiet," Warren said, "or I'll kill you." He pushed his gun into Doc's ribs. "I want those bomb sight plans you finished today."

Doc Garden was no coward. By now, the surprise had left his watery blue eyes. He couldn't see the intruder's face, but he knew the menace in the voice. "Who are you?" he asked. "You ought to know you can't get away with this." His hands touched Warren's clothes.

Warren's palm slapped him against the wall. "Keep your hands down," he said. "And work fast." He smiled grimly to himself. So the fool had thought perhaps he was a workman? Well, he didn't know that Warren had been smart enough to hide his overalls.

"I am going to give you only a minute," Warren said harshly, "before I kill you."

"No—no." Doc's voice was suddenly quavering. "I'm an old man. I want to live. They're . . . they're in the safe in my laboratory." His eyes seemed bewildered, and Warren, looking into them was momentarily puzzled. Had fright caused the old man to become unbalanced.

He yanked Doc to his feet. "Lead me to the safe," he said. "And no tricks. This silencer doesn't make noise, you know." He suddenly felt a little more secure. It was absurd to have thought this old man could have offered resistance. Why, he, Warren, could crush the life out of him with one hand.

"Come on," he said, "just

give me the plans and no harm will come to you."

The old man shuffled toward an inner door, opened it. Warren stepped in behind him. The room felt fresh and clean. "It's in the wall safe," Doc whimpered. "I'll . . . I'll get it open."

Absurdly easy. Contempt was written on Warren's face as he watched the old man fumble haltingly with the dial.

And then it was open. Warren's fingers trembled as he studied the prints. Yes, these were the ones.

"Are . . . are . . . they all right?" the old man asked.

"Yes." Warren's voice was terse. Suddenly, his fist shot up, connected with Doc's jaw. Without a sound, the man slid to the floor.

Quickly, Warren brought out the camera and, with the flashlight beam playing on the papers, he snapped them. Later, when he had gotten safely to the rendezvous, miles away from this town, he'd reproduce the microfilm, memorize every detail.

Finished now, he replaced the papers. His gloves, he knew, would leave no prints. Tomorrow, when the FBI checked up, they'd be puzzled, finding the papers.

Warren bent down, picked up the old man and carried him into the next room. He placed him on the bed and left.

In four hours he would be rid of this accursed place, he told himself gratefully, as he climbed into his overalls. He took out his watch. The whole operation had taken only eight minutes.

And there was no chance of detection. He had a perfect alibi. He had gone for coffee, and he would bring it back. Happily, he spent the rest of his lunch hour talking with the men. He wondered, idly, when the alarm would go out.

He didn't have long to wait. It was less than an hour when Doc Garden came into the big machine shop. With him were

two serious-looking husky men. The FBI, Warren thought, unworried. Mentally, he reviewed his every action. He was in the clear. After all, this could only be a routine inspection. Naturally, they'd think a workman had committed the crime. But how could they prove it?

He looked up as the whistle blew. Instantly, the machines stopped. A dead silence greeted Jones, the foreman, as he told the story. Men looked at one another. Warren smiled inwardly. Fools, that FBI and the old loon—all stabbing in the dark. Suddenly, he started. What was it Jones was saying. "Doc managed to grab the man's coat," he said, "and he felt a hole where the identification badge pin went through. He's convinced there's a traitor working here."

For just an instant, Warren worried. Then, he regained his self control. After all, lots of the men wore suits beneath their overalls. And . . . he stopped. Was Jones going crazy? Or was he, Warren, hearing things?

"Every man lie on the floor," Jones was commanding. "At once."

Warren obeyed with the rest, and he was just as puzzled. Swiftly, the FBI men ran down the line. Through the corner of his eye, Warren saw them glancing at shoes! "They're crazy," he muttered. "All crazy."

And then they were before him, and he was looking into three pairs of eyes: two pair were hard and menacing, and their owner's were reaching for him. While Doc Garden's eyes were triumphant. "That's the man," he said, that's him! He glared at Warren, struggling and protesting as an FBI man snapped bracelets on his wrists.

"You almost got away with it, you spy," Doc yelled wrathfully. "It's a good thing you didn't know my lab floor got painted this afternoon. And the paint's all on the soles of your shoes!"

# AIR WAVE



STAGING A COME BACK CAN BE THE TOUGHEST JOB ON EARTH... AND NOWHERE CAN YOU FIND A TOUGHER PLACE TO TRY IT THAN IN THE EXCITING WORLD OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE! HERE IS THE GRIPPING STORY OF A VETERAN WHO STARTS BACK THE UPHILL ROAD, WITH HIS LIFE THE STAKE IN A SAVAGE DUEL OF THUDDING GLOVES... AND OF HOW THAT REFEREE OF ALL GOOD FIGHTS, **AIR WAVE**, DRAWS UPON THE VAST RADIO POWERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE, TO SAVE A VALIANT CONTENDER FROM UNDESERVED DISASTERS, AS THE GONG RINGS FOR...

**"THE FINAL ROUND!"**



THE FIGHT GAME MAKES OLD MEN OUT OF YOUNG ONES... AS WITNESS THE CASE OF SOLDIER HARKNESS, ONE-TIME MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP...

SAIL RIGHT INTO HIM TONIGHT, JIMMY... AND YOU'LL BE IN LINE FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SOLDIER... AND IF I WIN I'LL OWE IT ALL TO YOUR TRAINING.



WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO BE IN HIS SHOES... YOUNG, HUSKY, WITH EVERYTHING TO FIGHT FOR! THE CLANG OF THE GONG... THE ROAR OF THE CROWD...



I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE TOP... THEN THE WAR CAME ALONG, AND I'VE STILL GOT A BULLET NEAR MY HEART MUSCLE... NOW, WITH MY WIFE SICK, I CAN'T EVEN SEND HER TO A HOSPITAL!





LATER, IN HARKNESS' HUMBLE HOME...

TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, YOU SHOULD REALLY SEE THAT SHE GETS HOSPITAL CARE!

I'LL DO IT, DOCTOR! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'LL FIND A WAY!

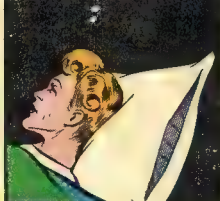


NOW, ELEANOR, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

OF COURSE IT IS! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT WORRYING ABOUT ME!

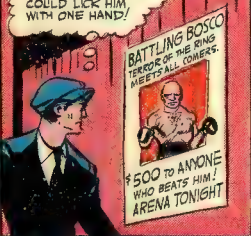


POOR BOY...HE'S GOING TO BREAK DOWN SOON IF HE DOESN'T FIND A BETTER JOB! HE'S BEEN WORRYING SO... AND NOW I HAVE TO GO AND GET SICK...



AS THE EX-FIGHTER DEPARTS FOR HIS GYMNASIUM JOB...

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN EASY FIVE HUNDRED FOR ME ONCE...IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BULLET IN MY HEART, I COULD LICK HIM WITH ONE HAND!

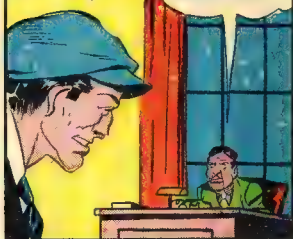


ONE HAND! THAT'S IT! AND WITH THE OTHER HAND I CAN GUARD MY CHEST, SO THAT A JOLT TO THE RIBS WON'T SEND THE SLUG ON INTO MY HEART!



YOU'RE BOSCO'S MANAGER! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE WITH HIM, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

PRETTY OLD TO BE MIXIN' IT UP, AREN'T YA, STRANGER, BUT IF YA CAN'T TAKE IT... IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!



FUNERAL, SAYS THE MANAGER... AND MAYBE THE WORD IS PROPHETIC...FOR WHEN THE CHALLENGER HAS DEPARTED....

THIS BIRD IS NO CHICKEN, BOSCO, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE MAYBE HE CAN FIGHT...AND WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON LOSIN' THAT FIVE HUNDRED SMACKERS...SEE?



I GETCHA, BOSS...YA! WANT ME TO SLIP ME LUCKY HORSESHOE IN ME GLOVE, HUH?

EVENING FINDS DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN, AN ARDENT BOXING FAN, AMONG THE THROG AT THE ARENA...

HELLO, JORDAN... LOOKING FOR CROOKED WORK AMONG THE GLADIATORS?

NOT THIS TIME, JOE... I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THIS 'FELLOW, BOSCO FIGHT! THEY SAY HE'S MEAN!

HIS KEEN EARS TAKE IN AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION...

PUT YOUR DOUGH ON BOSCO, SLIM... HARKNESS IS A WAR VETERAN WITH A SLUG NEAR HIS HEART MUSCLE... THE DOCTORS DIDN'T DARE TO OPERATE... ONE GOOD PUNCH'LL KILL HIM!

HARKNESS? WONDER IF IT'S THE OLD-TIME CHAMP...?

IN A FEW MOMENTS...

HARKNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HUH - WHY... ER...

BUT YOU HAVEN'T FOUGHT IN YEARS, SOLDIER, AND THAT WOUND...

PLEASE DON'T GIVE ME AWAY! MY WIFE'S SICK... I'VE GOT TO HAVE THE MONEY, AND THE BOXING COMMISSION WOULD STOP THE FIGHT IF WORD GOT AROUND!

AS GAME AS THEY COME... BUT HE'S TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE... STILL, NEEDING THE MONEY AS BADLY AS HE DOES, I DON'T FEEL THAT I HAVE THE RIGHT TO STOP HIM!

LARRY DEPARTS AND AS THE DOOR OF BOSCO'S DRESSING ROOM SWINGS OPEN...

JUST WAIT! LL THIS HITS HIM!

CUT IT OUT! YA WANTA GET CAUGHT AN KICKED OUTA TH' RING?

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

FAT CHANCE ANYBODY'S GOT OF BEATING ME! HAW... HAW!

A POOR SPORT, EH? IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FOUND OUT THAT IN BOXING, AS IN EVERYTHING ELSE, THE MAN WHO PLAYS FAIR IS ALWAYS THE WINNER IN THE LONG RUN!

A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS... AND LARRY JORDAN BECOMES THAT SUPER-CHARGED ARCH-FOE OF EVIL-DOERS... AIR WAVE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME SOLDIER HARKNESS IS GOING TO HAVE ONE MORE HOUR OF TRIUMPH BEFORE HE QUITS THE RING FOR GOOD!

AN UNBINKING INSTINCT BRINGS **STATIC**, THE PROVERB PARROT, WINGING TO HIS MASTER...

AWRK-R-R-RK! TOO MANY COOKS MAKE STRANGE BEDFELLOWS!



YOU KNOW WHEN TROUBLE'S STARTING, DON'T YOU? BUT WHO LET YOU IN?

THE NEXT MOMENT...

TO RING  
←

THEY TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO FIGHT... SICK OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS KILLED!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU GOT IN, **STATIC**... SHE MUST BE MRS. HARKNESS! IF SHE'S SICK, SHE SHOULD BE IN BED... BUT PERHAPS I CAN EASE HER WORRY...

TUNING HIS SENSITIVE BELT-RADIO TO THE ANXIOUS WOMAN'S BAKING'S AIR WAVE BROADCASTS WORDS OF REASSURANCE...

OH, IF I COULD ONLY BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING!

THIS IS AIR WAVE SPEAKING! YOUR HUSBAND IS GOING TO WIN! DON'T WORRY, ELEANOR!

EYES STRAINING TOWARD THE FLAZING RING, THE CROWD IN THE ARENA DOES NOT SEE THE FLEET SHADOW SCALB A BIKER, AIDED BY HIS ELECTRO-MAGNET SKATES.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIXT THE BIRD AND THE BUSH!

YOU'RE A LITTLE MIXED UP, **STATIC**, BUT YOU MEAN WELL!

A STITCH IN NINE SPENDS TIME!

RATHER WARM, BUT WE GET A BIRD'S EYE VIEW!

IF HE GETS TOUGH, REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YA ABOUT HIS HEART!

I'LL TAKE HIM BEFORE THE ROUND'S OVER!

**GONG**

GO TO IT, BOYS...AND REMEMBER, FIGHT FAIR!

THE CROWD HOLDS ITS BREATH IN HUSHED EXPECTANCY...THE BELL CLANGS ITS SIGNAL...AND THE FIGHT IS ON!

TAKE HIM, BOSKO!



MUSCLE-DRIVEN LEATHER HISSES AND GLAPS AS THE BOYS COME OUT SWINGING, EVENLY MATCHED, DESPITE THE CHALLENGER'S LONG ABSENCE FROM THE KING...

NO HARD FEELINGS, BOSCO! BUT I NEED THE MONEY!

BOSCO COUNTERS NOW, FOLKS, WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT! BUT HARKNESS PULLS AWAY AND ISN'T TOUCHED!

-SWISH-

IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO KEEP MY LEFT GUARDING MY CHEST, I COULD FINISH HIM!

STAND STILL! AN' I'LL PUL-VERIZE YA!



AWERK! A DUCK IN TIME SAVES STITCHES!

HE DUCKED ANOTHER... MORALLY, BOSCO HAS FORFEITED THE FIGHT BY CHEATING, BUT I WON'T INTERFERE TILL IT'S NECESSARY!

A TRICKY FEINT... AND BOSCO'S JOLTING LEFT ROCKS THE VALIANT VETERAN ON HIS HEELS...

HARKNESS' CHEST IS WIDE OPEN... LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TAKE A HAND. IF THERE'S ANYTHING METAL IN BOSCO'S GLOVE, I'M TUNED IN ON IT!

NOW I GOT TH' RANGE! SO LONG, SAP!

AIMING HIS ILLEGALLY METAL-LOADED GLOVE, THE KING RACKETEER PREPARES TO FINISH HIS OPPONENT.

HERE'S WHERE I SAVE FIVE HUNDRED SMACKERS! FIRST, A LEFT TO THE HEART TO SOFTEN YOU UP, MUGG, AND THEN...

NOT THE HEART, BOSCO! ANYWHERE ELSE!

SUPPENLY, THE METAL WEIGHT IN THE CROOKED FIGHTING GLOVE ECHOES AIR WAVE'S RINGING WORDS!

I'M AN HONEST BOXING GLOVE, BOSCO! I WON'T DO IT!

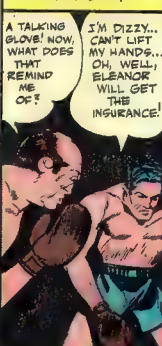
I WON'T DO IT!

HUH? ME OWN MITT IS TALKIN' BACK TO ME!

IN A KINGSIDE SEAT, HARKNESS' WIFE IS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR...



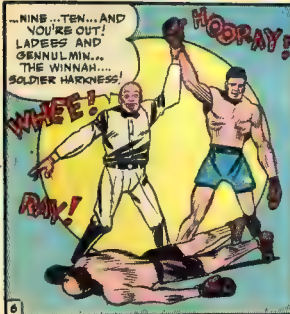
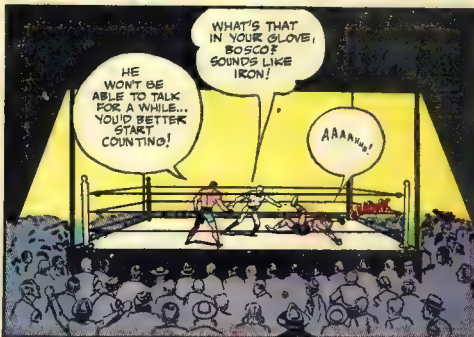
HER HUSBAND IS ALSO IN DESPAIR, REALIZING THAT BOXING IS A YOUNG MAN'S GAME!



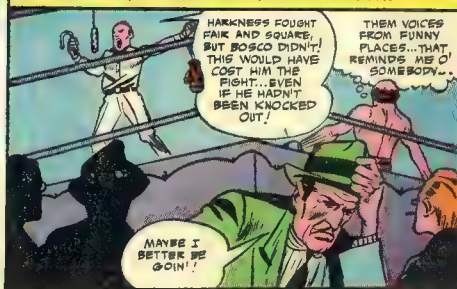
BUT A DELICATE RADIO IMPULSE SEESKS THE BULLET EMBEDDED IN THE OLD-TIMER'S HEART MUSCLE... AND MIRACULOUS WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT COME FROM IT!



FIXED BY NEW HOPE, SOLDIER HARKNESS LASHES OUT WITH ALL THE HARD-HITTING FURY THAT ONCE MADE HIM CHAMPION...



AND, AS ALWAYS, CROOKEDNESS COMES TO LIGHT...



THE NEXT INSTANT...

AWR-R-RK!  
FAINT HEART  
NE'ER WON ANY  
MARBLES!

AIR WAVE'S  
PARROT!  
SO THAT'S  
HOW MY  
RACKET WAS  
SPOILED. IF I  
COULD JUST GET  
MY HANDS ON  
AIR WAVE,  
I'D...

DON'T TELL ME,  
BOSCO...  
SHOW ME!

YOU! YA  
THINK I WON'T!  
MAYBE YOU'RE  
FULLA TRICKS,  
BUT I'LL  
TORPEDO  
YA!

A WAVE OF HYSTERICAL EXCITEMENT  
SWEEPS THE ARENA AS THE ENRAGED  
BOSCO BATTLES WITHOUT BENEFIT OF  
QUEENSBURY RULES...

...IT'S THE  
SENSATION OF  
THE CENTURY,  
FOLKS! THE  
CROWD GOES  
WILD AS  
AIR WAVE  
DUCKS A  
WATER  
BUCKET!



...BOSCO'S UP  
...HE'S DOWN...  
HE'S UP...  
HE'S IN...HE'S  
OUT... AND I  
REALLY MEAN  
OUT! THERE  
GOES THE BELL  
FOLKS!



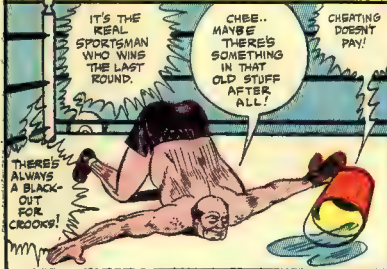
WITH THE AID OF AIR WAVE'S BELT-MICROPHONE, MET-  
ALLIC OBJECTS ABOUT THE RING DIN A BADLY NEEDED  
LESSON INTO BOSCO'S RINGING BARS...

IT'S THE  
REAL  
SPORTSMAN  
WHO WINS  
THE LAST  
ROUND.

CHEE...  
MAYBE  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
IN THAT  
OLD STUFF  
AFTER  
ALL!

CHEATING  
DOESN'T  
PAY!

THERE'S  
ALWAYS  
A BLACK-  
OUT FOR  
CROOKS!



AND VICTORY MAKES ALL THINGS BRIGHTER...

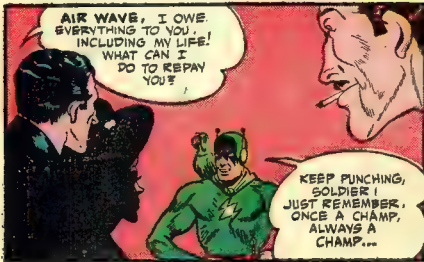
SOLDIER, I'M  
SO PROUD!  
SEEING YOU WIN  
HAS MADE ME  
WELL AGAIN!

I'M GOING TO WIN  
FROM NOW ON, ELEANOR...  
OUTSIDE THE RING.  
MY HEART WILL  
BE IN EVERY FIGHT  
THAT COMES  
UP!



AIR WAVE, I OWE  
EVERYTHING TO YOU.  
INCLUDING MY LIFE!  
WHAT CAN I  
DO TO REPAY  
YOU?

KEEP PUNCHING,  
SOLDIER!  
JUST REMEMBER,  
ONCE A CHAMP,  
ALWAYS A  
CHAMP...



SPEAKING OF  
CHAMPIONS... AIR  
WAVE WILL BE BACK  
WITH ANOTHER RED-  
LETTER PROGRAM OF  
HIGH-TENSION  
ADVENTURES, TUNED  
TO THE THRILL-WAVE-  
LENGTH OF EVERY  
RED-BLOODED READER,  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF DETECTIVE  
COMICS!  
DON'T MISS US...  
AWR-R-RK!





TWO OF THE OLDEST MAGAZINES  
IN THE COMIC FIELD---AND  
STILL SERVING UP JUST  
EXACTLY THE SORT OF NEW,  
WHIRLWIND ACTION-STORIES  
THAT **YOU** LIKE! IF YOU'RE  
SMART, YOU'LL KEEP 'EM BOTH  
ON YOUR **MUST LIST!**



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF DETECTIVE COMICS published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None, Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; H. Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1942.

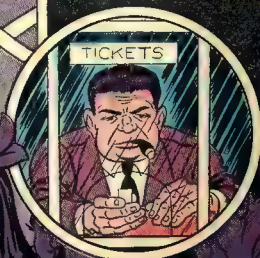
J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)



THE THEATRE IS MANY THINGS TO MANY MEN...A PLACE FOR TEARS AND LAUGHTER...A REFUGE WHERE SOME PEOPLE RELAX, AND OTHERS SIT UP EAGERLY TO LEARN... BUT IT TAKES THE ADDLED BRAIN OF A PIXILLATED PLAYWRIGHT TO CONVERT IT INTO SOMETHING MORE SOMBER AND SINISTER... **A STAGE SET FOR CRIME!** FOLLOW SLAM AND SHORTY IN A ROLICKING ADVENTURE AS THEY PURSUE A TREACHEROUS TRAIL TO TACKLE THE TRICKY THIEVES...AND PUT AN END TO...

**"THE MISTRIONIC MOODLUMS!"**



DINNER AT SEVEN... AND THE THEATRE AT EIGHT-THIRTY! SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN WHO CRACK CRIMES FOR PROFIT... DECIDE TO RELAX!

MONTE ROYCE, WHACK PLAYWRIGHT, PRESENTS A SURPRISE PERFORMANCE.

A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE WHACKS... BUT MOST OF THEM DON'T ADMIT IT!

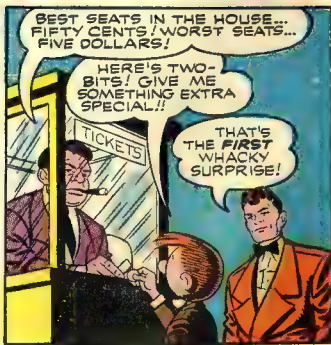
NO CONFESSIONS, HALF-PINT!



BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE... FIFTY CENTS / WORST SEATS... FIVE DOLLARS!

HERE'S TWO-BITS! GIVE ME SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL!!

THAT'S THE FIRST WHACKY SURPRISE!



WITHIN THE SPACIOUS  
PLAYHOUSE...

GOOD EVENING,  
EVERYBODY! TONIGHT'S  
PLAY WILL NEED THE  
HELP OF THE  
AUDIENCE!!

HE LOOKS  
LIKE HE NEEDS  
PLENTY OF HELP  
RIGHT NOW!

I'VE WRITTEN  
THE FIRST ACT SO  
FAR... WE'LL PLAY  
THAT, AND THEN THE  
AUDIENCE WILL TELL  
ME HOW TO FINISH  
THE PLAY!

QUIET,  
SHORT-PANTS...  
A GENIUS IS  
TALKING!

I CAN  
SEE HIS  
FINISH  
RIGHT  
NOW!

AS THE ECCENTRIC  
PLAYWRIGHT RAISES  
HIS HAND...

LET 'ER  
RIP!

COME ON, SPUD...LET'S  
PULL OFF THIS JOB IN  
A HURRY!

HELP!  
POLICE!

SHUT UP,  
CLUCK!!

AAHHH..

NOW TO GRAB  
HIS DOUGH AND  
SCRAM!

C'MON,  
SHORTY...  
MONKEY  
BUSINESS!

HEY!

SORRY, FOLKS...  
WE'RE IN A  
HURRY!

IT WOULD TAKE  
TOO LONG TO  
SQUEEZE THROUGH  
THE AISLES!

SURPRISE!  
SURPRISE!!

BUT NOT  
WHAT YOU  
EXPECTED,  
RATS!





HOW ABOUT A  
LITTLE MOUSE OVER  
THAT EYE?

OWW!



IT DOESN'T LOOK  
THAT WAY... BUT YOU'RE  
THE ONE WHO'S THE  
GOAT!

O.O.F.F!

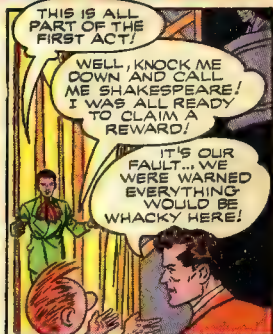


WE SURE MAKE A GOOD  
COMEDY TEAM, SLAM!!

YEAH, WE'RE SO  
FUNNY, THEY'RE  
ROLLING IN THE  
AISLES!



STOP! YOU'RE  
MAKING A  
TERRIBLE  
MISTAKE!



THIS IS ALL  
PART OF THE  
FIRST ACT!

WELL, KNOCK ME  
DOWN AND CALL  
ME SHAKESPEARE!  
I WAS ALL READY  
TO CLAIM A  
REWARD!

IT'S OUR  
FAULT... WE  
WERE WARNED  
EVERYTHING  
WOULD BE  
WHACKY HERE!

AND THUS A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



HOW  
INTERESTING!!

WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL  
TECHNIQUE  
WITH A  
BLACKJACK!  
THE ACTORS  
ARE  
ALMOST AS  
GOOD AS  
REAL CROOKS!

OWW!

BUT AS THE MASKED MEN STAGE A HASTY EXIT...

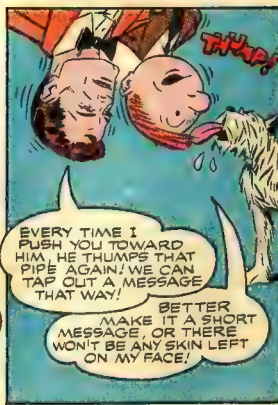
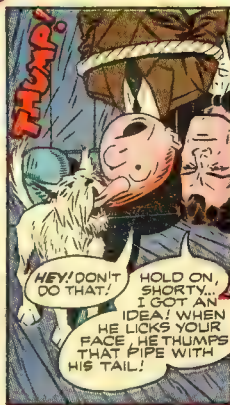


STOP  
THEM!

HE'S A  
GOOD ACTOR!

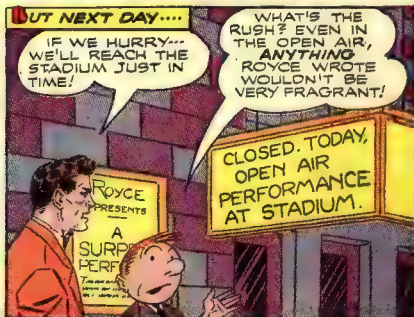
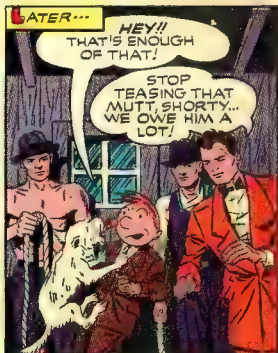
HE  
ALMOST  
SOUNDS  
AS IF HE  
MEANS IT!

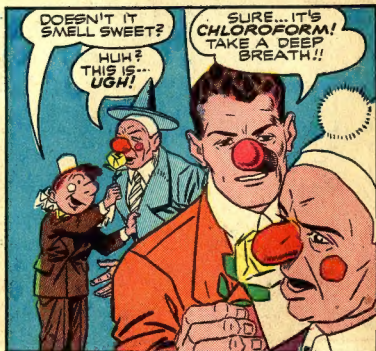
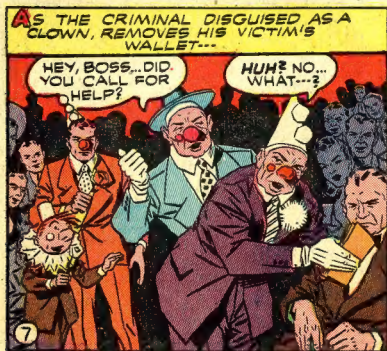
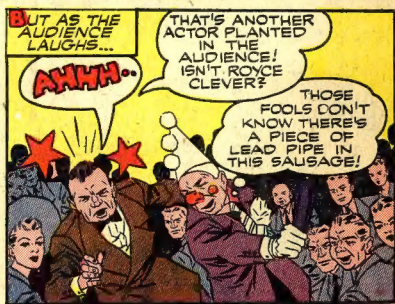
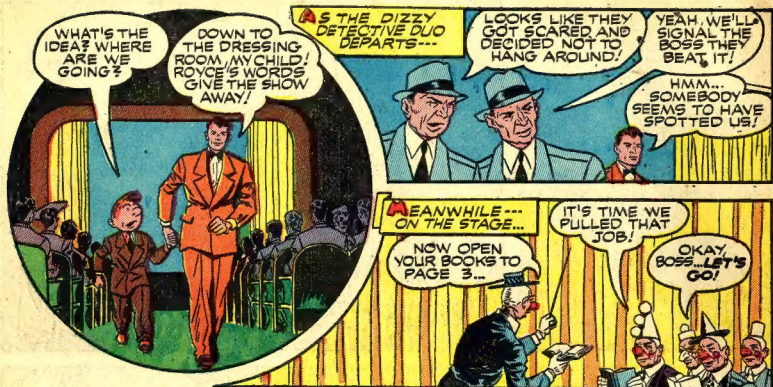






**A HALF MILE AWAY, SEVERAL MEN ARE BUSILY DIGGING A DITCH...**

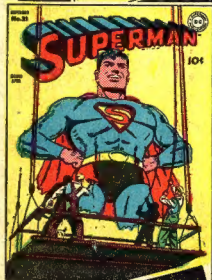




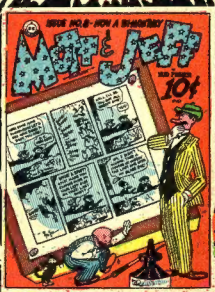








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# THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

**Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)**  
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

**We Will Never Forget ...**



**FLATTERMANN**